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# THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES  
VOLUME XL.

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Vol. CCLIX.

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## INSTEAD.

Donnez moi en sourires pendant ma vie, ce  
que vous me donnerez en souvenirs après ma  
mort.

When I am dead, forget me, dear,  
For I shall never know,  
Though o'er my cold and lifeless hands  
Your burning tears should flow.  
I'll cancel with my living voice  
The debt you'll owe the dead—  
Give me the love you'd show me then,  
But give it now instead.

And bring no wreaths to deck my  
grave,

For I shall never care  
Though all the flowers I loved the  
most

Should grow and wither there.  
I'll sell my chance of all the flowers  
You'll lavish when I'm dead  
For one small bunch of violets now,  
So give me that instead.

What saints we are when we are gone!

But what's the use to me  
Of praises written on my tomb  
For other eyes to see?  
One little simple word of praise  
By lips we worship said  
Is worth a hundred epitaphs—  
Dear, say it now instead.

And faults that now are hard to bear  
Oblivion then shall win.

Our sins are soon forgiven us  
When we no more can sin.  
But any bitter thought of me—  
Keep it for when I'm dead;  
I shall not know, I shall not care.  
Forgive me now instead.

*Celia Congreve.*

*The Windsor Magazine.*

## THE OLD SCHOOL.

Here where the white owl sweeps and  
cries,

And far hills fade as if in flight,  
And evening trembles into night,  
And roads like wavy ribbons rise,

And hills encircle, fold in fold—

Her pensive, purple towers loom;  
And from a depth of melting gloom  
Leap out her hundred slabs of gold.

Upon the air soft voices go—

Faint echoes of a lovelier day  
When life was ours, and life was  
May,

When the first shrinking violets blow.

And all the sadness of the years,  
And all the pains of old desire  
Revive, and, like a smouldering fire,  
Burn deeper for the rain of tears.

Yet are the dead not wholly gone;  
They bore her name by land and sea,  
Their higher parts were hers, and  
she,  
When all is done, reclaims her own.

So as her festal windows glow,  
Within their castellated frame,  
Each light becomes the ardent flame  
Of some young soul of long ago.

*Thomas Burke.*

*The Nation.*

THE FIRST SIGHT OF TROY BY  
THE GREEKS.

I would to God that I had been with  
them!

When, after fruitless toiling on the  
deep,

Like men who find at length some long-  
sought gem,

They felt within their hearts the hot  
blood leap;

When through their host a murmur ran  
like fire,

And laden ships sped swifter o'er the  
main,

For Troy! for Troy! the flower of their  
desire,

Lay like a rose upon the sunlit plain.

I would to God that I had heard the  
cry

That burst from lips of captains and  
of thralls

At sight of all the glory they might  
win!

When Menelaus alone stood silent by,  
And feared to look upon those splen-  
did walls,

Remembering the face of one  
therein.

*E. Keppel Bennett.*

*The Pall Mall Magazine.*



## HARVARD AND AMERICAN LIFE.

It is three hundred years this winter since John Harvard was born in the charming half-timbered house at Stratford-on-Avon from which he set forth to the new colony of Massachusetts. Twenty-nine years later he gave over to certain of the leading colonists his library of four hundred books, together with a sum of one thousand pounds, the nucleus of Harvard College in the little village of Cambridge across the river from Boston. The almost mythical character of Harvard himself has become a symbol of the high seriousness, the idealism, the insatiable desire for freedom and truth which distinguished the founders of the Commonwealth, and which are enshrined in the arms of the great University of to-day—a simple shield bearing the word "Veritas" with the motto "Christo et Ecclesiae."

For two hundred and fifty years in round numbers, Harvard College was the centre of New England life, the centre to which, as a matter of course, the people of quality in most of the original colonies of the North sent their sons to gain common ideals of brotherhood and citizenship. Cotton Mather, President John Adams, President John Quincy Adams, Edward Everett, George Bancroft, James Russell Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Charles Sumner, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Phillips Brooks, John Lothrop Motley—are some of the great names which represent the Harvard College of two centuries and a half.

To any one familiar with American life those names strike a common note, the note of New England, the note of a provincality not less distinct because it is philosophic and in a sense widely cultured. It may be said that so long as America had one perfectly definite national point of view, it was the pro-

vincial point of view of New England. The growth of imperialism in America, the rapid development of new states and new cities, often composed largely of ill-educated foreigners, has made it almost impossible as yet to define the common point of view of America. The influence of New England is dying out; the fine, intense provincialism no longer moves American politics and society, and something wider and more cosmopolitan, something still indistinct in its outlines, is gradually taking possession of all the states.

Harvard College ceased to be provincial when provincialism ceased to be the controlling element in American society. By carefully adapting its curriculum to the economic needs of the time, and by enrolling among its professors men of widely different sections of the country, the possession, along with these tributes to progress, of the very soul of American tradition has easily kept for it the leading place among American universities. President Roosevelt, for example, who represents the extreme qualities of ultra-modern America, is a Harvard man.

This adaptation, which can be roughly defined as the evolution of a university out of a college, in accordance with the evolution of Americanism out of New Englandism, is the work of the present head of Harvard, President Charles W. Eliot. With much of the simplicity and quality of the earlier New England, President Eliot combines the practical efficiency and the somewhat harsh materialism of the Roosevelt type. His policy has been to cut away the ties of sentiment with old New England, to link Harvard with as many phases of American life and as many sections of the country as possible, and in general to sacrifice culture to efficiency. He has been an

uncompromising realist ever since the day, now all but forty years ago, when as a young man and an assistant professor of chemistry, he was chosen President of the University, an unprecedented honor for a professor not of the humanities, but of science.

It is interesting to compare a few figures, in order to indicate the change in size which this evolution represents. In 1881 the whole body of teachers was 182; in 1906, 643. In 1881 the students numbered 1,364; in 1906, 3,945. The Summer School, in which in 1881 forty-four students were enrolled, in 1906 numbered 1,076. During the last five years the figures have fluctuated, so that the growth seems to have reached a very normal temporary stopping-place, rather fortunate, considering the inadequate funds and buildings for accommodating such numbers. Many reasons are given for this pause in growth; among them the increasingly high standard of admission and the refusal of Harvard until last year to accept uniform entrance examinations with other universities, the activity of the Greek-letter fraternities elsewhere in making freshmen promptly welcome, the extreme indifference and ill-success of Harvard in most athletic matters, and the somewhat exclusive club-system. The attractiveness of the small college is increased in the eyes of many boys by the certificate method of gaining admission commonly in vogue, but never accepted by Harvard, which obviates the dreadful ordeal of entrance examinations. Although in one sense all the arguments in favor of the small college, as a Harvard man once said, are for the purpose of making it larger, there are arguments in favor of the small college whose only drawback is that they have that effect, for in America there is no institution which, like Oxford, unites the intimate, corporate, personal quality of the college

with the cosmopolitan, broadening quality of the university, Princeton being the only great American university which may be said to have made any considerable progress towards this ideal. The work of President Eliot, so admirable from the standpoint of practical efficiency, tends to withdraw the influence of Harvard over the personal relations of the students, to withdraw any guidance whatever except a purely intellectual guidance. The result is that we see at Harvard—distinct from the professional schools, most of whose students are mature men, who require for the most part none but purely intellectual training in some special department—the anomaly of a college of younger men numbering above two thousand, all under the control of a single system of official machinery and endeavoring to retain the unity of a college of three or four hundred. Furthermore, the "elective" system now in vogue, by which a student is required for his degree only to pass a certain number of courses, among which he is allowed to choose entirely at his own discretion, has forced undergraduate social life to split up into purely arbitrary groups based entirely on personal tastes. Thus there is nothing which forces the attention of a literary student upon an athletic student, or of any two men from temperamentally opposed sections of the country upon each other. As it is safe to say that in no country in the world are there states and sections more temperamentally opposed than in America, this serves to intensify sectional distastes as well as personal tendencies toward one or another form of activity often already too harshly opposed. The effect is an individualism more marked at Harvard than at any other American university in all those tendencies which do not depend, as in athletics and social economics, upon co-operation. Nowhere,

for instance, are literary students so exclusively literary, for the Harvard man is left to himself, and is given every opportunity, and even every encouragement, to develop a personality harshly individual. Sympathy and co-operation, national spirit or so-called "college spirit," are too often self-conscious, and every peculiarity of temperament, birth, clan, or native section, bad as well as good, is intensified. Excellent in some ways, unfortunate in other ways, as this state of affairs may be, it is influenced for the worse, speaking economically, by the fact that Boston society, the most oligarchical in America, has the controlling vote in Harvard undergraduate society, and students who are not, to some extent, known and approved in Boston have some initial difficulty in making themselves known and approved in Cambridge. This is true, of course, only in regard to the distinctly social club life, for literary clubs and artistic and athletic organizations are very rarely influenced by anything but the intrinsic worth of students in the special activities that they represent.

The intercourse between students and professors is again an arbitrary one, based on personal sympathies unrelated to courses and studies. A student has freedom of choice among all the professors, usually choosing those who harmonize with his own point of view, and too often those who serve to intensify his own narrowness and to encourage in him the line of least resistance. This line of least resistance is the greatest defect of the elective system, for among a very wide range of subjects for study some are inevitably easier than others, and some again are easy for certain students who have just enough natural aptitude in them to obviate the need of working and not enough to fit them for effective specialization. Certainly it is true that

in subjects which are easily grasped superficially the criterion is really higher than in subjects more difficult to grasp; and where all men can succeed to a certain extent it is all the more difficult to gain distinction. Visitors to Harvard are often struck by the study-schedule of the typical athlete, who is supposed to be a kind of dillard in mental matters, but whose work for the year sometimes consists of the esoteric combination of Slavic Literature, Anthropology, the History of Renaissance Sculpture, and Social Ethics. This is the unhappiest illustration of the elective system, for it simply means that these four studies are the easiest available for a man who wishes to do the minimum amount of study. It produces subsequently among Harvard graduates a very large class of men whose education consists almost wholly of a pseudo-culture, a touch-and-go familiarity with the surface of history, letters, philosophy and art, which is charming at dinner or tea, but quite ineffectual during the long solitary hours when a man builds up his character in accordance with the ideals which education ought to bring. Harvard lays upon each of her sons the entire responsibility of his own character; she expects a certain maturity, a certain decided tendency and intellectual aptitude in all those who register as freshmen; and only those who have this tendency, and who are strong enough to bear this responsibility, ought to be allowed to enter. And where such maturity exists, this responsibility is just as inspiring as it is disastrous where the maturity does not exist.

This indicates the immense importance of choosing the right university for the particular student. Harvard is full of men whose one great mistake has been the choice of Harvard, who are not yet ripe for the responsibility of an individual point of view. Such

men find themselves carried hither and thither by mere sensations, intoxicated by a thousand conflicting impressions, unable to focus upon one cumulative idea. Side by side one sees the dilettante who gathers a little good from everything and the eccentric who exaggerates his native awkwardness and narrowness of mind and manner. But one sees also the fine, broad, tolerant and determined man who was able from the first to guide himself, and whose choice of studies and companions has led him unerringly into an individualism conscious of mastership in some particular respect, and yet sympathetic with all other kinds of mastership. Such a man is not hindered by required work which can be of no special cumulative value to himself, for he is able himself to choose enough work which is sufficiently disagreeable to strengthen his will, and which has for him an intellectual as well as a moral value.

To this ultimate position of a university, so dangerous to the unfit, so helpful to the fit, the work of President Eliot has tended through innumerable ramifications, political as well as social and cultural. The policy of interchange of professors and co-operation with other American universities characteristic of recent years at Harvard has taken on a political aspect in accordance with the recent international policy of the American government. For a number of years there has been an informal interchange of professors with Oxford and Cambridge represented at Harvard by such men as Mr. Bryce and Professor Murray; and this idea has been extended to a formal international *entente* with Germany and France. The German Emperor has always shown the greatest interest in Harvard, has given the nucleus of the now flourishing Germanic Museum, has sent through Prince Henry of Prussia messages of his good-will, and

has personally appointed the annual lecturers from the University of Berlin, including men as eminent as Professors Ostwald and Kühnemann. Harvard has seconded these cordial relations by conferring an honorary degree upon Prince Henry, by emphasizing the study of German among undergraduates, and by sending her most distinguished professors to Germany. Each university gives its own professor leave of absence on full pay, and pays the visiting professor £240 for travelling and living expenses during his three months of residence. The courses of French lectures maintained for several years in Cambridge by the Cercle Français, on the foundation of Mr. James H. Hyde, have lately been supplemented by the appointment of Harvard professors to lecture at the University of Paris and at other French universities, a post which has been successively filled by Professors Barrett Wendell, Santayana, Coolidge, and George P. Baker. Mr. Hyde also maintains in the Graduate School a resident fellowship held by a nominee of the French Government, and has co-operated in the establishment at the University of Paris of a similar fellowship to be held by an American student nominated by the Harvard Corporation.

The Summer School of the University has long been characterized by an international note, and, what is even more important to Americans at a moment when the finer democracy of old New England is being eclipsed by many less idealistic forms of democracy, by an interstate note which serves to bring the older American traditions intimately before the attention of the newer regions of the Middle West and the Pacific Coast. From a couple of courses in chemistry and botany and field-work in geology taken by a handful of students, the Summer School has developed into a well-organ-

ized institution, offering courses in the classics, archaeology, public speaking, English, modern languages, history, psychology, economics, philosophy, education, theory of design, landscape architecture, architecture, music, mathematics, astronomy, surveying, shop-work, physics, chemistry, botany, geology and physical education—comprising seventy-five courses in the summer of 1906. To this school there came every summer for six weeks in Cambridge between seven and eight hundred students from all over the country, some of them students of Harvard College, who are permitted to count many of the courses as work done for their degree, but the greater part teachers in other colleges and in secondary schools. The summer students are not only given free use of the resources of the University, but are also provided with special evening lectures and readings, and with weekly excursions to places of interest in the neighborhood. Lodgings and public dining-halls are thrown open at minimum rates to visitors from every section of the country, who take back with them some distinct idea of the most scientific methods of modern teaching as well as refreshing and vivid memories of the birthplace of the nation and the home of American letters. The international bearing of the Summer School has been quite as distinct, especially with regard to the Spanish Islands of the West Indies. In 1900, 1,273 Cuban teachers of both sexes, most of whom could speak little or no English when they came, were brought to Boston in Government transports and provided by subscription with board, lodging and university instruction in language, literature, history and the science of education, and with excursions to supplement the lectures in geology and American history, before they were safely sent back to Cuba. In 1904 a party of Porto Rican teachers, number-

ing 353, were received in Cambridge and given systematic instruction in English. Two years later a company of Chinese students came from various parts of the Chinese Empire at the expense of their Government, and were tutored during the summer in preparation for entrance upon regular college work at Harvard or elsewhere in the autumn.

The intensive growth of the University has been even more marked than the extensive, if the effects have been less certainly good. The relations between the faculty and students of Harvard College, just as in the Graduate Schools of Law, Medicine and Theology, have been Germanized and depersonalized into a pure intellectualism. There is no rule laid down by the faculty except that students shall keep their university appointments, or, in other words, "cut" only a limited number of lectures, and pass their examinations. The authorities seek no other hold over undergraduates except in the arbitrary moral supervision of the proctors, who, under the direction of the regent, prevent loud noise and music after certain hours, and keep undesirable visitors out of the college dormitories. The direct requirement laid upon the students is that they shall creditably pass seventeen courses of study, each consisting of three lecture-hours a week, and that at all times they shall maintain a standing at least proportionate between this result and the length of time they have been at the University. Although four years is the usual time given to the degree, it has become possible of late years to finish in three and a half or three years, students being allowed to take six courses a year. This lays the stress rather on the intellectual than the social side of college life, and tends to break up the feeling for one's class or class-mates, and once more tends to make companionship arbitrary.



There is no social unit smaller than the whole college, the classes having grown too unwieldy for anything more than a political unity, such as the general supervision of class officers. The only other kind of unity is the unity of special forms of activity, or the unity of men who have reached prominence in some respect. The social clubs, of which there are nine in recognized standing, are made up of men from all classes, and are independent of anything more specialized than civilization itself. There are also the *Pen and Brush Club*; the *Stylus*, a literary club; the *Symposium*, a debating club; and the *Signet*, which seeks to gather together from each class twenty-eight men who are conspicuous in all departments of thought and activity. Beyond this there are numberless societies which combine the members of the smaller clubs into larger groups, thus destroying part of the unity of the smaller clubs, and so large that they lose unity in themselves. It must be said that these combinations and recombinations of students, by which club-life at Harvard is controlled by a comparatively small group of men, most of whom are members of many clubs and societies, not only tends to prevent unity outside the charmed circle, but destroys unity even within it. The smaller clubs are not marked off from each other too definitely for members of many of them to be common members of several larger clubs or societies. This tends rather to form a club-caste, or, in other words, a system with most of the defects of unity and few of its qualities. The truth is that undergraduate society is made up largely of cliques, the inevitable effect of the forced individualism of Harvard. The more individual a man becomes, the smaller becomes also the number of men with whom he is congenial, and the average Harvard undergraduate has too few of the larger

human qualities upon which all men combine. This is illustrated by the self-conscious effort to arouse college enthusiasm before the great inter-collegiate football games. There is only one student-song which all undergraduates sing with undivided and unashamed enthusiasm, "Fair Harvard" itself, which all right-minded students feel to be out of place upon the athletic field. Beyond this, there is a simple cheer, nine "ras" and three "Harvards," which amounts to a succession of fiery grunts, the one form of utterance universal to mankind. This monotonous repetition of the single syllable "ra" (which, however, can be made to express many varied forms of emotion) is conspicuous among the polysyllabic and arbitrary noises made by the supporters of the opposing team, and although its superior dignity and simplicity are always recognized, it is often thought a sign of snobbishness by other universities, which tend to develop their students away from individualism, and, as a result, enable them to combine in many arbitrary expressions of feeling without any tinge of self-consciousness. To this result the caste club-system also contributes, for it tends to civilize members of the caste to a point where football is considered, if not a diversion of the lower animals, at least a little disturbing to the sensibilities of gentlemen: and the fact that the caste is accessible to all who are able to civilize themselves sufficiently keeps it before the minds even of those to whom it is inaccessible, and sets the social standard for the whole University.

It is these defects of individualism which are obvious in the undergraduate relations with other universities. The student of one university sees another university almost exclusively in intercollegiate games, and it is exactly in those games that all the defects of individualism are most apparent. But



to what university do the graduates of Princeton and Yale go to study law, medicine and philology? To Harvard. And the reason for which they ridicule Harvard athletics is exactly the reason for which they choose Harvard for serious advanced study. That individualism, whose effect upon those not sufficiently developed to profit by it is a pseudo-culture, a cynicism, or an effeminacy, makes, in those who are sufficiently developed for a breadth of appreciation, moral as well as intellectual, and for an intensity and mastership in special departments of thought.

This pre-eminence of the professional schools of the University has been attained by one fundamental rule: that every student shall have a preliminary degree in arts or science before entering. By thus ensuring a certain more or less uniform standard of general mental equipment, the schools naturally attract masterly professors, who are able to assume certain premises and to proceed on a solid basis, an immense advantage in time and efficiency to all the students. Perhaps the greatest value of this provision is that it ensures in the professional men of the future a general education which cannot fail to have an enlightening effect upon their special practice.

The general tendency is to look upon the degree of A.B. mainly as a preparation for one of these graduate schools. The finality of the old-fashioned undergraduate life, with all its human sig-

*The Contemporary Review.*

nificance, is giving way before the increasingly intellectual modern idea of effective specialization, which is forced upon the attention of freshmen immediately upon entrance into college. Fellowship itself tends to become, in President Eliot's phrase, "servicable fellowship"; undergraduate life, constantly reminded of its economic value and duty, prodded into efficiency, ceases more and more to be care-free, irresponsible or impressionable, and becomes self-conscious, deliberate and immoderately mature. Undergraduates who have a sense of propriety have accepted this uncongenial situation with all its consequences, and have recognized once for all that so-called "college life," with its songs, its musical instruments, and the point of view that lies behind this local color, is now once for all a thing of the past. It is revived from time to time with a misplaced enthusiasm, but only to the scorn of those who are dignified enough not to bicker with the inevitable.

For inevitable and inexorable is that intellectualism which, in the coming generation, will sweep away the gentle sentiments of Puritan tradition, and make of Harvard the factory of American imperialism. Year after year the Harvard type grows less and less distinct as the American type more and more defines itself: with the College the old-fashioned humanist fades away, with the University the efficient practitioner of the future emerges.

*Van Wyck Brooks.*

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## THE PROBLEM OF AERIAL NAVIGATION.

In the September number of this Review<sup>1</sup> Professor Simon Newcomb has written a most interesting article under the above heading. Interesting it is as embodying the ideas of a profound

<sup>1</sup> *The Living Age*, Oct. 24. \*

thinker, and also as presenting a view of the subject such as is opposed to that more generally held. He concludes by asking that if his conclusions are ill-founded their fallacy will be shown. The gist of his article, I take

it, may be summarized as that, in his opinion, (1) aerial navigation is not likely in the near future to become of such importance as seems generally supposed, and (2) that whatever utility may be accomplished in this line will be due to the propelled balloon rather than to the dynamic flying machine. I venture to take a diametrically opposite view, and shall attempt to show that it is likely to form a problem of the very highest moment to Englishmen, and that this will result more particularly from the introduction of the "flyer." I have reason to hold more decided views on the matter now, for since reading the article I have had an opportunity of travelling some miles through the air in the marvellous machine of Mr. Wilbur Wright. Such an experience is calculated to prejudice one strongly in favor of this means of transport, and to make one realize what a vast future there is before us in the realms of the air. To sit in a comfortable seat, and, without effort, free from any jolting or unpleasant motion, to be wafted through the air, at forty miles an hour, with a regularity and certainty which is surprising, gives one food for reflection indeed. The feeling of safety which this clever and experienced aeronaut inspires in one displaces all fear of danger.

In order to discuss the first of the conclusions it will be necessary to have in mind some idea of the means by which the air is to be navigated, and this makes it necessary to begin by considering the latter of the two statements, that is the asserted superiority of the propelled balloon over the "flyer."

First let me explain that in disparaging the poor old airship, which in the past I have so often extolled, it is only to show that the flying machine is *preferable*; the gas-bag is useful enough if we have nothing else with which to navigate the air.

A balloon must be very large. It is sometimes forgotten by inventors and others that the whole principle of the ascent depends on the *displacement* of the air. A balloon must be of such a volume as to displace a mass of air more or less equal to its entire weight. Air weighs about 76 lbs. per thousand cubic feet. So, no matter how light the materials used or how ethereal the gas, the apparatus must have a bulk of over a thousand cubic feet for every 76 lbs. that is required to be lifted. But great bulk implies two drawbacks. It must offer great resistance to propulsion, which necessitates powerful engines to drive it at any speed through the air, and speed is all-important in aerial navigation.

The second drawback to great bulk is the difficulty in housing the apparatus when on the ground and protecting it from strong winds and weather.

Then the material of which a balloon is made must be costly. It must be very light, and is therefore liable to be easily damaged. It must be absolutely gas-tight, for if it be leaky its buoyancy soon decreases. A mere pinhole involves a steady loss of gas; so that it has to be constructed of a very special material and with infinite care, which implies great expense. The actual cost of the gas, too, to fill the immense balloon is no mean item of expense, and it is bound to require frequent replenishing. Owing to the varying volume of the gas with changes of temperature, it is necessary to carry ballast or complicated means of regulating the altitude. This again involves increasing the capacity of the balloon. The housing and the handling of the machine when on the ground all add to the expense.

The inflammability of the gas is a constant source of danger, and, for war purposes, where it may be desirable to use firearms, it seems very unsuitable.

And, "her vulnerability is obvious," as the author owns.

There is a vague possibility of improvement in these respects. The gas might, conceivably, be made inflammable, and a multitude of cellular compartments might render it less liable to leakage, and so on, but this is going into the uncertainties of the future which we need not discuss.

To recapitulate, any gas-borne airship *must* be:

(1) Bulky. Therefore comparatively slow for given engine-power, and difficult to handle when on the ground.

(2) Costly, both to build and to maintain.

(3) Fragile and liable to damage.

The advantages of the aeroplane are that two or three men could hold it on the ground even in a gale, and it could easily be housed under the lee of a house or wood. A shed to keep it in is comparatively easy and cheap to construct. The resistance of the air to the propulsion of such a machine is very small, so that it should be capable of travelling infinitely faster for the same propulsive power. Since the covering need not be gas-tight, it can be made of cheaper material, and where the balloon costs thousands of pounds, the flyer need not cost as many hundreds. The cost of the gas is done away with, and, requiring but little assistance, the working costs would be much smaller. Finally, from the military point of view, it is practically invulnerable to bullets, nor is it liable to catch fire.

We now come to another point, the most important of all. I have already said that in aerial navigation speed is everything. To successfully navigate the air it is essential to be able to go at a rate faster than that of any ordinary wind that may be encountered. As this often attains to twenty or thirty miles an hour, a machine incapable of overcoming such can never

hope to be a practical success. Now airships have been made to achieve this, but, though they may still be improved upon to some extent, there does not seem to be much hope that they can ever greatly exceed such a speed. They might perhaps succeed in travelling forty miles an hour, but even then they would only be able to do their ten miles against a strong wind, which is not a very practicable rate. With the air-car it is different. It has been proved theoretically that the faster an aeroplane is driven the more economical it is. The pressure of the air evidently increases about in proportion to the square of the speed; that is to say, if an apparatus of given area, travelling at twenty miles an hour, develops a pressure under it of 500 lbs., then, if propelled at forty miles it should lift not only double the weight, but four times as much, or 2000 lbs. In order to get the machine to travel double the speed it may perhaps be necessary to increase the engine power fourfold, but let the original engine weigh 250 lbs. and we could still easily afford, if required, to put in an engine of four times the weight, and we should then be able to carry double the useful load as well.

I think the above arguments are so entirely in favor of the gasless machine as to put the balloon entirely out of the question. But is this a one-sided view? Let us see what Professor Newcomb has to say: "There are several drawbacks to every form of flyer, either of which seems fatal to its extensive use, and which, taken together, throw it out of the field of competition."

His first objection to a machine on the aeroplane principle is that, depending on its area for support, the larger the weight to be carried the larger must the horizontal surface be. Hence to make a machine to carry double the weight involves enlarging the surface

in proportion. But as the surface is spread horizontally it requires greatly additional weight of framework to bear the strain. Yes; but in the first place we do not here propose discussing the use of any machine very much bigger than those now in use, and, secondly, the surfaces need not necessarily be spread out in one plane; by arranging them one above another, a very large area of support can be got without adding much to the weight of construction. Then, again, I have just pointed out that by increasing speed we can increase the lift without adding to the area, and as speed is, for other reasons, so desirable, it is highly probable that efforts will be made to augment the speed and so carry greater loads for the same-sized machine.

In nature we find that the area of the wings of insects and birds does not increase in at all the same ratio as their weight. Thus a gnat's wings have a surface corresponding to 40 square feet for 1 lb. of weight, a bee presents some 5 square feet, while a sparrow has under three, a pigeon  $1\frac{1}{4}$ , and a vulture only  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a square foot per pound. If this sort of proportion were carried on we should find that our large machines do not call for nearly the same relative area as the smaller ones.

The next asserted objection to the flyer whose support is due to its progress through the air is that it cannot stop to have its machinery repaired or adjusted. This is partially true, but it is a matter of degree. The engines could be stopped for a few seconds while the machine soars downwards. Then, when we get experienced in practical flight, it seems quite probable that we shall be able to take advantage of the wind currents and soar like the great birds. It might then be possible to remain for long periods on end sailing around without the as-

sistance of any motor. But, besides all this, the stoppage of the engine is hardly likely to be of frequent occurrence in the future, when better forms of motor are obtainable. How often does a steamer or a locomotive have to stop to adjust the engine?

We now get to another drawback which is very real; but it applies equally to the propelled balloon. This is, that an aerial machine cannot be navigated for long out of sight of the ground. Once it rises into a cloud or becomes enveloped in fog, it is impossible to tell which way one is going. The aeronaut is then in the same position as the mariner at sea, but, exposed to rapid and varying currents of wind, he cannot rely on "dead reckoning." Fog must always be a hindrance to aerial navigation. Yet so it is, to a large extent, to marine navigation.

When Professor Newcomb comes to speak of the larger the ship the greater the power and speed, this can only apply to two airships on the same model; the remark cannot refer to the comparison between a bulky airship and a compact aeroplane. But even this statement is not quite a happy one. He says that "at the present moment the two largest ships afloat are also those of highest speed." He apparently forgets the dashing destroyers racing at thirty-five knots an hour, or the still smaller motor-boats and hydroplanes.

So much, then, for the arguments in favor of the airship as opposed to the gasless flyer.

We now come to the second and chief problem of the discussion, that is as to whether aerial navigation is likely in the near future to become of real importance; that is to say, whether an aerial machine is likely to be able "to compete with the steamship, the railway, or the mail-coach in the carriage of passengers or mails."

Having decided that a machine of the aeroplane type is preferable to a dirigible balloon, let us adopt, for the sake of argument, the notion of an apparatus very similar to that now used by the Wrights, but perhaps slightly larger, so as to carry three or four, and able to attain a greater speed, say fifty miles an hour. Let this be capable of travelling for several hours on end, of going up to say 1000 feet, and to negotiate all ordinary winds. Considering the enormous strides made within the last year or two, it seems not at all unreasonable to hope that we may have such a vessel within the next year or two.

The carriage of passengers and mails is one thing, but it is quite another matter to compare the airship to an express train, as Professor Newcomb does later on, and discuss the relative coal consumption, presuming it to carry the same burden. He shows that the main resistance which a train travelling at high speed has to encounter is that of the air, but he omits to point out that while the air resistance to a train is wholly one of retardation, in a well-designed flying-machine almost the whole effort is utilized in lift.

But it seems hardly necessary to discuss the question of utilizing an airship for the transport of heavy goods; no one, I think, looks upon that as a likely accomplishment for a long time to come.

The chief sentence of the whole of Professor Newcomb's article that I take exception to is this: "Any use that we can make of the air for the purpose of transportation, even when our machinery attains ideal perfection, will be uncertain, dangerous, expensive, and inefficient, as compared with transportation on the earth and ocean."

We will consider each of these points in turn.

*Uncertain.*—Fogs may delay traffic,

so may gales of wind. But both of these affect shipping to a very large extent, if not trains, and as a rule would only occur during a few hours in a month. Though adverse winds may reduce the speed of travel, this is purely a question of the speed with which the machine can travel. If motor cars can now exceed 100 miles an hour along a road there seems every likelihood of air-cars being able in future to greatly exceed this. If capable of going 150 miles an hour, a gale blowing forty miles per hour would make no serious difficulty.

*Dangerous.*—It is very generally supposed that it is dangerous to travel through the air, this assumption probably being due to a large extent to the fact that several inventors in their crude appliances, and without experience, have come to grief. But with a perfected machine one can hardly imagine what can happen to upset it in mid-air. Barring collisions, which, on account of the greater space, should be much rarer than collisions at sea, and such accidents as the breaking of a shaft or catching fire, it is difficult to see what could happen.<sup>1</sup> Then people often imagine the horror of falling after a mishap, through thousands of feet to the ground, forgetting that in all probability nine-tenths of the traffic will be conducted within twenty or thirty feet of the ground. So that the effects of an accident would not be much more serious than in other modes of travel.

*Expensive.*—Why? An air-car to carry two or three will certainly not cost as much as a motor car. Its upkeep will probably prove far less since there are no expensive tires to wear out, nor is there the same continual shaking and vibration. The speed and directness of the route from door to

<sup>1</sup> The breaking of a propeller blade, such as occurred so unfortunately in Mr. Orville Wright's machine, is hardly likely to happen again.



door will certainly render flying an economical mode of transport.

*Inefficient.*—As a means of travel, the air-car promises to be the most delightful possible. Probably much faster than any other means of getting from place to place, and, as I have just said, very likely one of the cheapest. For the transport of mails and light goods the same arguments apply. If Mr. Wright has already carried an extra weight of 240 lbs., there can be no question as to the possibility of carrying light loads. There appears to be no difficulty whatever in steering or in landing on any desired spot. Why, then, should it be deemed inefficient?

Considering all these facts, and that improvements are bound to follow, there seems to be every likelihood that, in future, travelling through the air will offer so many advantages that it will become a common means of getting from place to place. Then, by superseding other methods of transport, it will grow into a subject of great importance and create new and wide-spreading industries.

The employment of the aerial vessel as an instrument of war is probably the most important question at the present moment for our naval and military authorities to consider.

Professor Newcomb, in referring to this subject, begins by dismissing the flyer as "out of the question," and adds "the airship proper or enlarged balloon is the only agency to be feared." Yet he then points out how vulnerable such a vessel is, and how "a single yeoman could with his rifle disable a whole fleet of airships approaching within range of his station." It seems to me that this fact alone puts the *airship* out of the question, that is as a really practical, dependable, and important instrument of war. The flyer, on the other hand, presents a much more difficult target, and is comparatively invulnerable, since one or

two bullets are not likely to affect it in the least, and even shells may pass right through an aeroplane without bringing it down.

It is pointed out that a conflict between rival airships is likely to be short; both would probably soon be riddled by bullets and brought to earth. But this is not the case with gasless machines. They would hold a balloon at their mercy. The duel between such I will leave to the imagination.

There are two distinct methods of utilizing air-craft for war. First, that most usually discussed, is as a means of rising high into the air to obtain a wide view of the country round, to soar at an altitude above the range of projectiles, to float over towns and fortresses and drop bombs upon them. The extent to which damage can be done by dropping explosives from a height can at present be but a matter of speculation. It may prove to be serious, but it may be found, as Professor Newcomb points out, that the difficulties are so great that not very much is possible of accomplishment in this line. For such purposes the balloon may perhaps be considered almost the more suitable.

There is, however, the other method which seems to me that most likely to be of real use, at all events in the early days of aerial navigation, yet it is one that has seldom been referred to in writings or discussions on the subject. This is the use of a swiftly moving small machine skimming over the ground and seldom rising to any height except to clear such obstacles as trees and houses. Such a machine should prove invaluable in war. For reconnoitring it may be compared to the cavalry horse, but with the following advantages: it would be far speedier, could go across any country whatever, taking walls, rivers, and other obstacles "in its stride," it could probably carry two or three men, so that one



could devote his whole attention to observation, and it could *when necessary* rise to obtain a distant view.

As for vulnerability, the air-car would be no worse than the horse, and if the seats and engines were rendered bullet proof, it could hardly be brought down by rifle fire. For reconnaissance, for despatch delivery, for raids into the enemy's territory, such a means of transport would be unsurpassed.

The question of invasion is one in which the British public takes a more general interest. Professor Newcomb concludes that "England has little to fear from the use of airships by an enemy seeking to invade her territory. . . . The key to her defence is the necessary vulnerability of a balloon." . . . But, again, what about the flyer? If such machines can be proved to be practicable, and not too expensive, they will soon be adopted by the military Powers, not by ones and twos as with the costly airships, but by the hundred. We know that these machines can be made. There can be no reasonable doubt but that they will be immensely improved during the next year or two.

Now I would seriously ask, What valid reason is there why, within a few years' time, a foreign nation should not be able to despatch a fleet of a thousand aerial machines, each carrying two or three armed men and able to come across to our shores and land, not necessarily on the coast, but at any desired inland place? The major-

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ity of the men could be landed while the flyers could be sent back for further supplies. No defence seems possible against invasion by such a fleet, since, like a swarm of locusts, its destination cannot be guessed, and, after settling, it may rise again and swoop down on some fresh place, while an hour later it may have returned to its base, having wrought havoc in the district of its descent.

All this may sound like a flight of fancy, but let us remember that Wright has already accomplished flights with a passenger of double the distance across the Channel. Let us bear in mind, too, that 10,000 such machines would probably not cost much more than one modern battleship. The only system of defence that I can see is (Irish though it may sound) to form a similar fleet to attack the homes of those that dare to visit our shores unasked.

Then let us be prepared. It is not enough for our naval and military authorities to shirk the matter by saying that they do not consider it likely to be serious. The question is whether there is any sort of *possibility* of this mode of warfare developing into one of importance. If there is, it demands our most serious consideration, and the British taxpayer must put his hand in his pocket and provide the wherewithal to place us at least on a par with any foreign nation which attempts to form a large aerial fleet.

B. Baden-Powell.

## HARDY-ON-THE-HILL.

BY M. E. FRANCIS

(Mrs. Francis Blundell.)

### CHAPTER VII.

Late one afternoon about a fortnight after the Leslies had taken up their abode at the Little Farm, the two girls made their way homewards

from an entertainment given in their honor by Mrs. Turnworth. It was now late November and the dusk had already set in, a clinging damp fog made progress difficult, and their ad-

vance was further impeded by the extremely muddy condition of the roads. Kitty carried a small lantern, the feeble light of which was only sufficient to enable them to see a few yards ahead, and they walked slowly and with great caution.

"I wish I hadn't put on my high-heeled shoes," sighed Bess. "My dear little French shoes! They're full of mud now—and they're the last of their line. We shall have to get great country clod-hopping things after this."

"Well, they'll be more suitable, I dare say," said Kitty in a dispirited tone.

"Yes, all our little elegances were quite thrown away on Cousin Marian and her friends," agreed Bess. "That was an entertainment, wasn't it?"

"She did her best," returned Kitty, charitably, but dolefully.

"The cats' tea-party!" ruminated Bess. "Do you remember that book we were so fond of as children? It was a regular cats' tea-party to-day—and Cousin Marian was the cattiest of all!"

Kitty laughed feebly and Bess continued in a more sprightly tone, for the fancy cheered her up a little.

"Yes, there were clerical toms and ordinary cats—and that nice Mrs. Molesworth was a dear kind old pussy. She purred all the time, and she was so proud of her white frill. And Mrs. Moreton was a Chinchilla, I think, with her greenish eyes and gray whiskers—did you notice her whiskers? Every time she opened her mouth she seemed to give a sort of plaintive 'miaow!'"

Bess came paddling up alongside of Kitty, in her eagerness scarcely heeding where she stepped and splashing up the mud.

"Yes, we had five cats and one calf—one pink-faced calf," she repeated meditatively. "The Chilby man looked like nothing but a calf. I saw him

wagging his ears while you were talking to his mother, and when he handed me those nasty little sticky cakes he looked just as if he was going to 'moo.'"

"Calves don't moo," said Kitty.

"Yes, they do. You know how they throw up their head and say 'M-m-m-m'? Mr. Chilby went just like that. 'M-m-m' he'd say, holding out a plate of something or other. Oh, Kitty, isn't it horrid?"

She stood stock still in the middle of a pool, dropping her skirts the better to gesticulate with both despairing little hands. Her mouth drooped, and as Kitty, startled, held up the lantern, she saw two great tears upon her sister's cheeks.

"My darling, what's the matter?"

"Oh, it's so horrid," sobbed Bess again, "there's no use pretending to each other and making believe that we like it, when it's so *hateful*—"

"Being poor, you mean?"

"Being poor and living on a farm, and tramping along muddy roads, and going to a cats' tea-party. Oh, Kitty!"

"Of course it has been horrid to-day," said Kitty soothingly, though her own heart sank.

"It's horrid every day," protested Bess. "I don't mind the place so much—it's the people. And to think we shall see nobody a bit better all our days. That we shall vegetate and grow old and ugly on our maiden stalks unless the pink-faced calf takes a fancy to us. That's all we have to look forward to now!"

She picked up her skirts again and plodded on, Kitty following her in sore distress.

"We may as well make up our minds to it," resumed Bess. "We have absolutely no prospects. No lovers to walk in the Lovers' Walk—nobody to dance with even if there was such a thing as a bail. The only excitement that breaks the monotony of our days

—a party at Cousin Marian's with a married clergyman on each side of you and a thing like Chilby to hand the bread-and-butter!"

Kitty herself was too painfully convinced of the truth of these remarks to venture to contradict them. Cousin Marian's entertainment had, moreover, been of a chastening nature, and she was so thoroughly out of spirits herself that she was incapable of persuading her sister to take a more cheerful view. They paddled on again, and for some time the silence was only broken by the squeelching of the mud beneath their feet and the drip of moisture from the neighboring hedge. All at once, however, a faint sound of wheels was heard and the hoof-beats of a fast-trotting horse.

As the vehicle approached Bess dropped behind her sister; the road was narrow just at that part.

"Keep close to the hedge, Kitty," she cried; "or we shall be run over by some bloated aristocrat or other. What a pace he is going! Ugh, I'm a regular Radical now—a Socialist—no, a Nihilist, I mean. I'd like to throw a bomb under that horse's feet. What business has that creature to spin past us and splash us, while we, who are fifty times better than he or she can be, are plodding along in the mud?"

On came the rapid wheels; Kitty insensibly held up her lantern and the sisters squeezed themselves almost flat against the hedge. To their surprise, however, the unseen driver drew up and a well-known voice inquired:—

"Is that you, Miss Leslie? Will you have a lift?"

"Why, it's Farmer Hardy," cried Bess, joyfully.

Snatching the lantern from Kitty's hand she held it aloft, peering meanwhile into the mist. The half-defined outlines of a tall black horse and an equally tall dogcart were now dimly visible. Also those of a man's stalwart

figure bending towards them from his high perch.

"Oh," exclaimed Bess, with a gleeful little cry, "I am so glad it's you, Mr. Hardy. Yes, please, we'd like a lift, shouldn't we, Kitty? We are so damp and so cold we are feeling quite wicked—at least I am."

"Can you see the step?" inquired Stephen. "I'll hold the light. Now, Miss Leslie. I'll let down the back seat in a minute for you, Miss Bess."

"Oh, but your horse won't stand," said Bess. "Don't turn round, Mr. Hardy, don't turn round. Let me get up in front. I saw you driving three like that the other day."

"If you like," returned Stephen. "Of course 'tis only a little way, but I thought you would prefer—"

But Bess had already scrambled into the cart and popped herself down between him and Kitty.

"I'm used to doing bodkin," she said. "Oh, what a nice warm rug! This is delightful! You farmers have really the best of it, and, only fancy, I thought you were a bloated aristocrat when you were coming along—that's why I felt so wicked! I said to Kitty that I should like to throw a bomb under your wheels."

Stephen, having finished tucking them up with the rug, gathered up the reins leisurely and allowed the horse to proceed; then he glanced down at Bess and laughed, a little puzzled as to what rejoinder to make. Bess was, however, in no way disconcerted by this fact.

"Kitty and I have been to tea at Cousin Marian's," she volunteered. "Cousin Marian seems to be in a funny sort of set here, Mr. Hardy—in the social way I mean."

"Perhaps I'm hardly in a position to judge," returned Stephen.

"No," rejoined she, "that's just what's so refreshing. You and your mother need not go into society. You

can just live in that heavenly old house of yours and look after your work, and you can hunt and she can superintend the dairy, and so you're quite happy. Now Cousin Marian—Cousin Marian—you needn't pinch me, Kitty—Mr. Hardy knows just as well as I do that Cousin Marian only knows fusty, musty people—and, if we are to be in her set, we shall only know fusty, musty people too."

Stephen laughed again and drew the lash of his whip lightly across the horse's neck; the animal sprang forward and the light cart swung as they rounded a corner.

"Now farmer people," resumed Bess, "needn't ape gentility, they can just go in for comfort, which is far more satisfactory."

"What a pretty horse," put in Kitty's soft voice.

She thought it was time to change the conversation.

"Yes," rejoined Hardy, and his tone was well pleased. "He is about the best I have. I bred him myself and broke him."

"And isn't the cart comfy?" exclaimed the irrepressible Bess. "It's so springy and so light, and this is a nice warm rug, too. Ah, give me comfort!"

"Well, 'tis better than going afoot on such an evening as this," rejoined the young farmer somewhat awkwardly. "I could have called for you at Mrs. Turnworth's if I had only known. It is really not a fit night for you to be walking."

"Beggars mustn't be choosers," responded Bess. "I don't like being a beggar at all," she added dolefully.

By this time they had turned down the little lane leading to the two farms, and Stephen presently drew up before the gate of the smaller one. Kitty, murmuring her thanks, sprang to the ground, but Bess did not accomplish the descent without a variety of little

manœuvres. First she had to extend her hand to Stephen, then to exclaim at the height of the vehicle from the ground, and the shortness of her own legs, to give voice to certain misgivings as to the difficulty of preserving her skirts from the wheel, and, finally, as the horse became restive and Stephen bewildered, to fling herself bodily on top of Kitty, who stood by holding the lantern.

"I hope I haven't damaged you," she exclaimed. "Oh, Kitty, I've torn my glove—my nice white glove! Why didn't you keep the lantern out of the way? I'm sure my finger's bleeding too. Good-night, Mr. Hardy. Oh, Kitty, hasn't it been odious? The only part of the whole time that I enjoyed was the drive home."

The two little figures vanished round the angle of the house and Stephen pursued his way, now smiling to himself as he thought of the prattle of one sister, now frowning as he remembered the silence of the other.

There was no light in the passage, but in answer to a shrill summons from Bess, the servant who had replaced Mrs. Green came clattering down the stairs.

"Bring a light, please," said Kitty.

"Oh, Louisa," groaned Bess, "come and take off my shoes—they're so muddy I can't touch them!"

Louisa, who had begun to clump upstairs for the candle, now clumped down again in response to the appeal of her younger mistress, then, apparently bethinking herself when about halfway that she could not remove the shoes without a light to see them by, mounted the stairs again at a gallop and came clattering down again at such speed that her light was extinguished before she reached the hall.

"Oh, good gracious!" exclaimed Bess in exasperation, as the noisy steps began to retreat, "where are you off to now?"

"To get the matches, miss," responded Louisa cheerfully. "I do always leave 'em in the same place—in the attic window-sill—and then I do always know where to find 'em."

She spoke with modest pride, evidently expecting to be commended for her forethought.

"Well, give me the candlestick," said Kitty, "else perhaps you'll forget that by the time you've remembered the matches."

"So I mid," rejoined Louisa, with unimpaired good humor.

"Considering that she never by any chance goes near the attic except at bedtime, I don't quite see the point of keeping the matches there," said Bess.

Both girls were tired and cross. Kitty slowly removed her pretty white fur tippet and shook it, inwardly wondering whether it would recover the effects of that clinging fog; while Bess tapped discontentedly on the floor with the tip of her ill-used little shoe.

A clatter on the stairs, a heavy bump on the landing, and renewed clatter on the lower flight heralded the return of Louisa; the hurried and, for some time, ineffectual scraping of a match was at length rewarded by the appearance of a flame which revealed first Louisa's large red hand and presently her large red, good-humored face wreathed in smiles.

"'Twas lucky you did think o' keepin' the candlestick, miss, else I'd ha' smashed en all to flinders when I did fall upon the stairs. I can never mind the landin' there, an' I do always fall," she added pleasantly.

"Well, don't fall over me, anyhow," remarked Bess acidly; "take off my shoes and put them carefully on one side until they dry. They're not to be put near the fire, mind—and not to be blacked."

"Would ye have the brown polish on 'em then?" inquired Louisa, as she

drew off one of the objects in question.

"Brown, no!" returned Bess with a little scream. "They're my very best shoes, they must be done with kid reviver—I'll do them myself if it comes to that."

"Well, it mid be safer," replied Louisa, turning to Bess's left foot. "Wold Cox there, he is a terrible wold chap for makin' mistakes. Yesterday 'twas, he was as near as anything puttin' blackin' on Miss Leslie's brown shoes. He be sich a one for thinkin' about his soul, ye know."

"What?" cried Kitty, turning round with a laugh.

"His soul, miss!" repeated Louisa. "There, he do go into a reg'lar stud thinkin' about it an' goin' over texts an' things in his mind. I do often say to en when he be a cleanin' the knives an' a stud-studdin' all the time: —'Malster Cox,' I do say, 'you'll have one o' your fingers off so sure as anything.' An' he do tell I not to take so much care for the things o' this world."

Bess laughed too, but somewhat unwillingly, for she was still contemplating the sad condition of the muddy shoes. "Bring me my trees, Louisa," she said—"you know. Oh, I don't mean an oak or an ash or anything of that kind," as Louisa squatted back on her heels with a mystified expression. "I mean the little wooden things that go inside my shoes. You know where they are, don't you?"

"Oh, e-es, miss," responded Louisa delightedly. "I did find 'em in your room to-day an' I did put your other little shoes on 'em 'cause they was a bit damp arter you was out this mornin'. They didn't seem to fit so very well, but I did stretch an' stretch 'em an' the elastic at the back-keeps 'em in place now."

"You don't mean my goloshes!" ejaculated Bess, bursting into helpless



laughter, in which she was joined by Kitty.

It was, however, with a sort of groan that Bess at length caught up the candlestick and led the way to her sister's room, her little shoeless feet making a soft pad, pad on the uncarpeted stairs. She groaned all the time she was changing her dress and arranging her ruffled locks at the glass. Suddenly she rushed across the room and threw her arms round Kitty's neck, burrowing her head dejectedly on her sister's shoulder.

"Kitty, you'd always love me whatever happened, wouldn't you?"

"Darling, can you ask such a question?"

"Even if I was cast off and despised and—and—downtrodden by everybody else? I'd still be your own Bess, shouldn't I?"

"Of course you would, but why do you say such things?"

"Oh, because—because I'm getting desperate. I hate my life, and I can't bear it! Think of that horrible function to-day!"

"No, don't let's think of it," urged Kitty, pressing soft kisses on the little flushed face.

"Remember how we live here with old Cox thinking of his soul when he should be cleaning knives, and Louisa tumbling up and down stairs and putting goloshes on my best shoe-lasts. Here we are with nasty, smelly, India-

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rubber hot-water bottles in our beds because we can't afford a fire, and going to have porridge for supper because it's cheap. We don't live like ladies—I think there's no use in pretending to be ladies."

"My pet," said Kitty, kissing her again.

"You said you'd love me, didn't you, Kitty, whatever I did?"

"Bess—really——"

"I'd rather be a good red herring than neither fish, flesh, nor fowl."

"I wonder what you mean," said Kitty, trying to obtain a glimpse of the face which was still rolling on her shoulder.

"Now, if we lived on a farm," murmured Bess, "a nice, big, comfy farm, like the Hardys', and one just had one's work to think of, and to wear clean print frocks and pretty gathered sun-bonnets! The dairy's lovely—I could be quite happy skimming cream and making butter, and if the parlor was done up all blue and white. You are sure you never, never, never could care for Stephen Hardy, Kitty?"

"Bess, I told you before and I tell you again I think that idea positively insulting!"

"I am sorry to hear you say that," returned Bess, "because you know, Kitty, I'm thinking—seriously thinking—if you are sure you wouldn't like him for yourself—of setting my own cap at Farmer Hardy."

*(To be continued.)*

## SOME RECENT ARCHAEOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES.

The scholar of the old fashion, who quoted with impartiality from his Homer, his Horace, his Virgil, and his Bible, must be a little befogged by the terrific dust which the archaeologist's spade has been raising during a generation past. When Grote wrote

the history of Greece, what was not literature was not knowledge, and the Hellenist troubled himself no more about a civilization before Agamemnon than about a civilization in the Garden of Eden. Man had, no doubt, been producing things many



and strange in the Nile Valley and in Mesopotamia for unnumbered generations, but what had a classical scholar to do with those? Hellenic culture sprang into the world, like an Athene from the head of Zeus, by some miraculous effect of the favorable conditions of the Promised Land upon gifted but undeveloped tribes that had been wandering over Asiatic and European steppes since they left the original seat of the Aryans. But nowadays what is come to this comfortable doctrine? Every six months *The Times* prints from two to three columns of matter concerning ancient cultures of the Near East, which Greek literature never mentioned at all, Minoan and Danubian and Hittite; and the writers of the articles evidently regard these cultures as having something, if not everything, to say to the origin of Hellenic civilization. Fuller accounts of the discoveries, which prompt these articles, appear in specialist periodicals or highly technical books, which, if the old-fashioned scholar consults them, give him information usually provisional and often contradictory. As a plain man, he wants to know where he stands. Evidently the old limitations of his knowledge are no longer those of every one else. But what does the expansion imply? Has the bottom been knocked out of his settled beliefs on the origin of that civilization which matters before all others to an Hellenist? In a word, what does all this recent archaeological discovery amount to in relation, at any rate, to Hellenism?

Well, in sum it amounts to this: that not only was the geographical focus of historic Hellenic civilization the focus also before that of a prehistoric culture of immemorial antiquity and local development, which was on the highest plane of aim and achievement as prehistoric cultures go, but also that the geographical areas enclosing that focus on west, north, and east, round

a very wide radius, in both the European and Asiatic continents, had been producing objects of utility and art since an equal antiquity and on only little lower planes of culture. For centuries no prehistoric migrant by land into the Greek peninsula or any part of the Ægean area could have avoided contact with some comparatively high culture, nor would he have found his Promised Land in any but a highly civilized state. Indeed, so wide is the circuit made by the outer ring of prehistoric cultures, whether we regard them in Europe as derivatives from the Ægean or as independent local evolutions in Sicily, Italy, the Iberic lands, the Danube Basin, and the southern Balkans, and in Asia as Hittite, or Syro-Cappadocian, or Thraco-Phrygian, or what not, that the chances are as greatly in favor of any immigrant into the Ægean having previously shared in one or other of them, as they are in favor of his having had ultimately to assimilate the civilization which he would find in his new home. That is the *a priori* probability of which every Hellenist has henceforward to take account. Let us see how far archaeology has arrived at any positive proof that these prehistoric cultures went to the making of the historic civilization which has mattered most to the modern world.

From this point of view it imports less how these cultures came into being and by which families of the human race they were developed, than to what point of social achievement they attained, and what was their history at the dawn of that historic period, to which Greek literature bears something like contemporary witness. Take first the prehistoric culture of the Ægean, which we never heard of under any name till a generation ago, nor as Minoan till the last decade. Incidentally it may be stated that those questions concerning its origin and eth-

nic character, which do not so intimately concern us, are not much nearer solution now than when Schliemann first exposed the grave-treasure of Mycenæ, except in this important respect; that we now know Ægean civilization to have been developed locally from rude neolithic beginnings by an unbroken process of evolution continued throughout the Age of Bronze. But who the Ægean peoples were ethnologically is almost as obscure as ever, and like to remain so till some happy chance or patient labor brings about the decipherment of the Cretan tablets and the determination of their family of language.

We are no nearer that decipherment. When Mr. Arthur Evans issues presently the first volume of his *Scripta Minoa* it will be seen how little can be done without the help of a bilingual text, or one in some known alphabetic character. Nor even had we these, would there be sure hope of advance. The three Prælian inscriptions in Greek characters of the historic classical age, and an obscure language, which may or may not be a survival of the Minoan of Crete, have been turned this way and that by philologists to no better result than a doubtful conclusion that they express an Indo-European tongue very remotely akin to Greek. Written documents continue to be found in Crete, and recent discoveries show that the Minoan linear script was still in local use after the destruction of the latest Cnossian Palace, and probably continued to be so down to the close of the Bronze Age. The very latest find has been made by the Italian Mission at Phæstos. It is a clay disc, over six inches in diameter, stamped with type; but the pictographic symbols which it bears have not quite the usual Cretan forms, and, if Cretan at all, may belong to a local system used in the south of the island.

Nor has much clear light been thrown on the ethnological question by other lines of investigation, e. g., by the philologists who have examined the distribution and character of certain place names which occur all over the Greek area, but seem to be pre-Greek. For, while Fick has called these Hittite and Kretschmer thought them not Indo-European, Conway claims them for the Indo-European family of speech. The craniologists do not yet assure us of anything beyond the fact that the small dark type, called the Mediterranean Race, was the chief basis of Ægean man, but had already been contaminated by other racial elements in the period of the earliest men whose skulls it has been possible to examine. The pictorial and glyptic representations of Ægean man, which have been found in considerable numbers, seem to exclude certain well-marked races of neighboring lands, such as the negroid and the mongoloid, but leave an embarrassment of choice among the straight-nosed peoples of fairly regular profile.

It is more satisfactory to turn to the other questions which more nearly concern Hellenists. The cumulative effect of the discoveries made in Crete leaves no manner of doubt that Minoan culture can stand comparison with the highest contemporary culture of Egypt or Mesopotamia, and that artistically it was more alive and progressive than either of these. So much has been written about the combination of idealistic aim with realistic execution exemplified in the best Ægean work, whether of the first great Minoan period, contemporary with the Egyptian Middle Empire, or of the second and last, contemporary with the Eighteenth Phænic Dynasty, that we will only say this: that, even after the Cnossian ivories, falence figurines, and falence and plaster reliefs, after the Cnossian and Haghia Triadha frescoes, the Haghia

Triadha steatite vases and painted sarcophagus, after the finest "Kamares" pottery and the finer intaglios, the Vaphio goblets and the Mycenæ dagger blades, one was still not prepared for the bull's head *rhyton*, which Mr. Evans had just described in *The Times*, with its painted transparencies for eyes and its admirable modelling, and the striking contrast between the black polished steatite of the mass and the creamy cameo shell of the inlay work. Let me bear independent witness, so far as one who has seen photographs only can bear it, that the effect is as superbly decorative as it is astonishingly realistic, and that the whole attests, equally with the Mycenæan metallic intarsia work, the pre-eminence of Ægean artists over Egyptian in the appreciation of color tones.

For actual proof of the probable parentage of the Ægean and the Hellenic cultures we needed more evidence concerning, on the one side, the latest Ægean society, on the other the earliest Hellenic. And more is being gradually collected. Of the first society mainly from Knossos. Four years ago Mr. Evans let in light on the dark period which followed the destruction of the latest Palace—the period when, like the detached house to west, its "seigniorial chambers" were broken up into small holdings by party walls—by his exploration of a large and rich cemetery at Zafer Papoura, to the north, which contained interments, both of the latest Palace time and of the succeeding epoch. The grave-furniture proved conclusively that Minoan art survived the catastrophe of the Palace practically unaffected by any new influence, but degenerating into formalism by its own natural decay. How far down the centuries these tombs take us towards the Hellenic Age is not certain. The Knossian Palace was ruined about 1400 B.C., as comparison of its latest relics with Cretan pro-

ducts found in Akhenaten's city at Tell Amarna satisfactorily proves. The tombs illustrate a considerable space of time after that, but not any part of the Age of Iron. The latest vases found in them are identical in style with others found at Ialysus in Rhodes, at Enkomi in Cyprus, and on mainland Greek sites; and these vases, if we may judge by progressive degradation of ornament, were the immediate predecessors of the pottery in certain Cretan graves outside Knossos wherein both bronze and iron objects occurred. This stage of transition from bronze to iron is the stage in which the Achæan society depicted in Homer seems to be; and if the Achæans are those Aqalusha who attacked the Egyptians in Rameses III.'s day, as scholars are practically unanimous in believing, they had appeared with their incipient knowledge of iron in the Ægean by the twelfth century B. C. It seems probable, therefore, that the Zafer Papoura cemetery was in use for burials nearly down to the close of the Bronze Age in Crete, and that the extra-Knossian graves of the transitional stage between Bronze and Iron carry on the witness of Minoan survival to a period contemporary with the first appearance of an iron-using race in the Ægean. This last must be regarded as the earliest wave of that northern flood which went to form the historic Hellenic people and introduced the cremation of the dead and the fashion of dress which required the *fibula* or safety-pin to secure it on the person—a fashion not depicted by earlier Ægean artists, but proved henceforth to be coming in by the increasing occurrence of *fibulae* all over the Ægean area.

Not only did Minoan art survive the catastrophe of the Knossian Palace, but a growing mass of evidence tends to show that there was no cataclysmic rift at all in the early history of Crete,

but only such gradual change as would result from slow infiltration of northern elements into the population. The men of Præsus, who told Herodotus that Crete was left empty after the Sicilian expedition of Minos, and re-filled by "Hellenes and other people," were no doubt, in the true saga spirit, foreshortening history by crystallizing a process into a single event. Certainly Minoan art was slow in dying out of the island. The Geometric vases of the early Cretan Iron Age show little else in their decoration than stylized Minoan motives. The shields and other bronzes of the Idæan Cave, the latest of which come down probably to the ninth or even the eighth century, are artistic descendants of Minoan masterpieces modified by some element of uncouthness which was probably of northern origin, like the same element in the great bronze *situlae* of north Italy. Such was the work of those Dædalid Dorian sculptors of Crete who were honored by later Greek tradition under the names of Dipœnus and Skyllis. In Crete, at any rate, there is not the slightest doubt that Dorian art was a good half Minoan during the early centuries of Hellenism; and even if there were no reason to argue Minoan survival elsewhere, it would still be no small gain towards the understanding of the "miracle" of Hellenic development to know that the old cultural influence did continue to exist in one great Ægean island long after Achæan, Dorian, and Ionian had settled into their historic homes.

Crete, however, lies somewhat apart from the rest of the Greek lands, and in the historic Hellenic age had but little influence upon them. Its history of slow infiltration of northern elements and their gradual assimilation of what was left of the Minoan culture may well not have been the history of the mainland. The northerners, who

worked their way in force down the peninsula, must have found it a very different matter to go on across the notoriously stormy straits to the great southerly island; and perhaps only the rumor of ancient wealth tempted small bodies of the bolder sort from time to time to try the adventure. There is some reason, indeed, to think that the history of mainland Greece had been in several respects not the same as that of Crete even in the Ægean Age. If the Peloponnesian prehistoric cities were certainly importing fine Cretan products in the Later Minoan Period, and were almost certainly at that time tributary to Cnossus, the fact that they were even then strongly fortified shows that they had inland enemies; the scantiness and poverty of their earlier remains indicate that they had not enjoyed the same opportunities for cultural development, but had remained comparatively barbarous, when Crete, in the Middle Minoan Period, was in many respects at the height of its artistic achievement; and our continued failure to find any but the rudest and rarest examples of writing on mainland sites seems to argue that their comparative inferiority in civilization continued to the end of the Ægean Age. More than that, this last piece of negative evidence is held to suggest that the Cretan script was never used on the mainland, and perhaps the Cretan language not commonly understood, although the occurrence of a certain identical type of pre-Hellenic place-name, alike in Crete, mainland Greece, the Cyclades, parts of Asia Minor, and even the south Balkan lands—that type whose ending contains the combination *nth*—must be allowed to argue that there was a common element in the early language of all the Ægean area. Less weighty arguments in favor of diversity of race have been drawn from the prevalence of the "Megaron" type of house, with

its excess of length over breadth and its central hearth, outside Crete but not within it, and the apparent restriction of the loin-cloth type of dress to the latter; but both these peculiarities may equally be ascribed to the varying exigencies of local climatic conditions, mainland Greece being more inclement at most seasons than more southerly Crete. On the whole, however, the Peloponnesian evidence tends to show that, though the prehistoric culture of Peloponnesus was unquestionably of the Minoan class, its development had been retarded, and its purity modified earlier than that of Crete. In all probability this modification was due to some influence from inland. The vigorous northern peoples were not likely to have waited till the end of the second millennium B.C. before beginning to press downwards into the desirable southern peninsula. The Achæans were already firmly established in the seats of power not only in the Argolid, but in Laconia and elsewhere, long ere the Homeric lays were composed; and a record of northern raids into Peloponnesus, even during the Later Palace Age of Cnossus, is probably preserved by that grave-stela of Mycenæ which shows a chieftain in a chariot pursuing a naked warrior who brandishes a leaf-shaped short sword, which we know from abundant evidence to have been, not an Ægean, but a Danubian type of weapon.

For the elucidation of this mainland question we naturally look to the mainland itself; and this end, among others, the remarkable discoveries lately made by the British School on the site of ancient Sparta seem likely signally to serve. Unusual interest was aroused during this past spring by the announcement that in the precincts of Artemis Orthia at Sparta remains of a temple had come to light underneath the shrine of sixth-century date, laid

bare in 1907. The foundation course was still partly in position, and from the sockets in it, and from the number of perished sun-dried bricks and tiles overlying the foundation, it was clear that the building had been a "frame-house" of wood and adobe, roofed with painted tiles—a type already divined to have been the earliest Doric by the first of antiquarian architects, Professor Wilhelm Dörpfeld. The internal space was divided longitudinally by a single axial line of wooden columns, some of whose stone bases survive; and in this respect it conforms to a very early type of Hellenic temple, already known from the seventh-century shrine of Apollo at Thermon in Ætolia, and from a probably still earlier temple at Neandria in Æolic Asia. The latter had capital-volutes of a very early Ionic form identical with those Oriental palm-volutes which seem to have furnished the prototype of the most beautiful of Greek architectural members. Probably the axial colonnade at Sparta upheld the ridge of a pitched roof; for otherwise tiles would hardly have been found; and therefore we may safely argue the existence of terminal pediments decorated at any rate with such borders as we find on the pediments of early Phrygian tombs, though whether also with reliefs in the triangular field we cannot say. This temple has the same orientation as an early altar of sacrifice, found hard by in the previous year, and the latter, together with the mass of *ex voto* objects in ivory, bronze, terra-cotta, &c., bedded down around it under the sixth-century floor, must be referred to the same period. The beginning of this period the discoverers say must be pushed back at least as high as the eighth century, and the very earliest Spartan remains, *e. g.*, the pottery of the Geometric type, belong more probably to the ninth. Fine painted pottery, we



now learn for the first time, was a notable product of Dorian Sparta; for to a fabric there has at last been fixed almost with certainty one of the finest of early black figured Greek wares, long accepted as a product of Cyrene, though never yet found in the Cyrenaica itself.

All this is disquieting to our old-fashioned scholar. Sparta is become a proverb in men's mouths for rude artlessness, and yet there all this overwhelming evidence of an eminently artistic culture in the Early Dorian period has come to light. One cannot help suspecting the local survival of a strong Ægean element alongside the Dorian. The Laconian was never supposed to have been a homogeneous population, but to have consisted of two subjected classes under a ruling military caste. One at least of the inferior classes may have been pre-Dorian, and even pre-Achæan, and have preserved some of the spirit of the great age in which the Vaphio and Kampos tombs were made, and the most splendid of ancient gold cups were laid in the former. Minoan sherds, the British excavators tell us, were found at the Amycleum, and immediately above them some of the earliest Laconian Geometric style, which, for all its simplicity and rudeness, seems not less a *Bauernstil* with Ægean traditions than the Geometric of Crete. In the Reports so far published, however, the British explorers do not suggest this Ægean clue, although their chief, Mr. Dawkins, is singularly well qualified, by his earlier Cretan experience, to note any Minoan characteristic. But nevertheless we do not give up hope of it. The rapid rise and almost as rapid decline of Spartan art—the old-fashioned scholar may take comfort from the fact that Sparta had become "Spartan" enough by the fifth century—certainly suggest the presence of an old artistic stratum in the

population, which revived after the stress of conquest to inspire art in its conquerors, but was dying the while of physical decay and would soon disappear, leaving art without sufficient root to long to survive it.

The explanation actually suggested by the explorers is two-fold. The first part introduces that northern civilization of middle south-eastern Europe, on which we have touched already. Among the Spartan bronzes are many *fibulae* or brooches, both of the coiled "spectacles" form, and of that derivative type which replaces the coils by bone or ivory plates. Neither this derivative type nor the original one has ever been observed among remains of the true Bronze Age in the Ægean, but both have always occurred after the introduction of iron weapons. The derived type, for instance, was found only in the latest stratum of the Dictæan Cave in Crete, and in the late eighth century foundation-deposit of Ephesus. But there is another region where it is a common Bronze Age type, and that is in the cemeteries of the basin of the Danube and in south-eastern continental Europe in general; and there, without a doubt, it originated, together with all safety-pin *fibulae* whatever, and the fashion of dress which required them.

In these latter years Austrian and Russian excavators, combined with scholars of various Balkan nationalities, have vastly increased our knowledge of the very remarkable culture, which apparently originated in the Danube basin in neolithic time, and spread over south-easternmost Europe, from Kieff to the Austrian Tyrol, and from near Vienna to Macedonia, if not to Thessaly, and even into north-western Asia Minor. It must suffice here to say that even in neolithic time the Danubian folk could decorate vases with admirable spirals and other patterns, both incised and painted, and

even with figures of animals and men, and could also model in terra-cotta with a skill far above that of mere savages. Both in conception and execution the neolithic products of Galicia, Bessarabia, Hungary, Servia, and Bosnia, are distinctly superior to those of neolithic Crete, and superior even to those of the Cyclad islands, which themselves developed art earlier than their great southern neighbor. Yet, if their close analogy to remains in the lowest stratum at Troy is good evidence, the neolithic products of the Danube basin fall no later in time than those of the *Ægean*. Out of the former developed a not less remarkable Bronze Age culture, which, while exhibiting distinctive characteristics, produced objects so similar to those of the *Ægean* Bronze Age that archaeologists have felt bound to seek for some evidence of communication, such as might have resulted from the early derivation of copper from Cyprus, with certain of whose products the early sites in northwestern Asia Minor and in southeastern Europe show their closest analogies. This impulse towards similarity of products was perhaps reinforced by some fundamental community of blood, such as may have resulted from the well-known wide range of the small dark "*Mediterranean Race*," which is the basis of the prehistoric *Ægean* people, and everywhere, where its presence has been detected, seems to have produced art. This Danubian culture of the Bronze Age, which has filled the Balkan and Austrian museums with beautiful objects, seems to have exercised much influence on the early artistic development of northern Europe, including our own islands, on the one hand, and of northern Italy on the other. In its turn it passed into an Age of Iron, whose products are best illustrated by the abundant grave-furniture of the ancient mining settlement at Hallstatt, in the *Salzkammer-*

gut; and thereafter it dwindled everywhere in its home area, as it had already done in the Bronze Age in the more eastern parts, and survived best in its foreign extensions among the Keltic peoples.

Now Greek tradition was unanimous in deriving the historic Hellenic tribes from the continental north. Archaeologists have agreed that these tribes overcame the *Ægean* societies by their possession of the superior metal, iron. If so, they did not come south in force till after the Danubian Bronze Age. If they formerly lived in the Danubian area they must have been cognizant of, and in contact with, its Bronze Age development. If they came from afar, whether from Central Asia, round the Black Sea, as used to be believed, or from any part of inner Europe, they could not have avoided the belt occupied by this culture. If they came from any region on the hither side of the Danube basin, for example, from Thrace, Macedonia, or Thessaly, they must still have been in contact with the Danubian culture, according to recent investigators of the earlier human strata of these regions.

As a matter of fact, there is no longer any doubt that the northern element in the Hellenes was composed of tribes which had indeed shared at one stage or another in the Danubian civilization. These came southward under pressure of those ruder races of the far north, which had crushed culture out of the north-east soon after the neolithic period, and would virtually crush it out of all the Danubian basin early in the Age of Iron; but they came southward in a social state very far above barbarism, though probably less highly developed than that which they would find in the *Ægean* world.

It is, however, hardly credible that the splendid Hellenic culture, which we find almost full-grown in Doric and Ionian Greece by the eighth century.

was only an independent expansion of the Danubian, due to the more favorable geographical environment into which the northern migrants had descended. It is even less credible that it was only an independent renaissance of the Ægean. The last element had gone too far along the path of development; the first not far enough. But if neither culture was quite adequate to create by itself the "miracle of Hellenism," is it impossible that the fusion of the two could have been sufficient cause? Fusion between two civilizations so near akin as these can hardly have failed to ensue, and the unexhausted vigor of the northern element may well have begotten a new life in the southern. The Spartan excavators seem to suggest that the first seed of Spartan art was sown by the northern immigration, but that it was brought to rapid maturity by contact, soon established, with a different culture—that of Ionia. This view is based in the main on frequent and striking resemblances between Spartan products of the eighth and early seventh centuries, and certain of the objects found in the earliest stratum on the site of the Artemisium at Ephesus. Through Ionia they believe that a Græco-Oriental influence passed on to Sparta and produced this unexpected bloom of Dorian art. There were certainly early historic relations between the Peloponnesus and Asiatic Greece, and if the Oriental features there be in Peloponnesian art, Ionia is likely enough to have given passage to the influences which occasioned them. But nevertheless the present writer must confess to strong doubts whether the right explanation of those features, and indeed of the genesis of Spartan art altogether, is the one suggested. The earliest objects of fine art yet published from Sparta are ivory *fibula*-plates of a type not found in Ionia, and it is not sug-

gested that either in form or in decoration they owe anything to Asia. The design on one at least is an uncouth repetition of the familiar Ægean scheme of a figure grasping heraldically opposed animals or birds, and all leave much the same impression as is left by the Villa Nova *situlae* of north Italy—the impression of unfamiliar Ægean motives, uncouthly expressed by artists possessed of some independent and ruder tradition, certainly more European than Asiatic. The uncouthness is largely refined away in the ivories of a slightly later stratum, but a distinctive and no doubt local element persists in the treatment and even grows stronger—a sort of robust and almost gross naturalism quite foreign to the Ionian spirit. At the same time, the subjects and some elements in the decoration of the later ivories have much in common with early Ionian work, and in a few objects, mostly of small size and rather simple conception, this community produces almost identical results. But, if I may express a personal opinion, I do not see, even in the most Ionian of these later ivories, any element which is not potentially present in those earlier ones which are admittedly not touched by any Ionian influence. The same influences which produced the earlier art are enough, as it seems to me, to explain the later with due allowance made for the natural local development of invention and handicraft; and the resemblances to Ionian contemporary products, which ultimately make themselves apparent, may reasonably be explained by parallel artistic descent from an originally common parent. The Ionian art of Ephesus without doubt ascends in its main essential characteristics to Ægean art, unmistakable links being supplied by the sub-Ægean culture, which has left us the treasure of Enkomi in Cyprus, the contents of the Spata graves

in Attica, and the objects from the post-Mycenæan city at Hissarlik. If so, then, the early Spartan art is surely another child of that same mother. Nor necessarily by a wholly different father; for there is a northern element in the Ephesian art also, but it is much less obvious than at Sparta. Children of one mother, and in some measure, too, of one father, the Ionian and the Dorian arts naturally grew up not unlike to one another, but distinguished by the different proportion in which the elements of their parentage entered into their respective characters; and, moreover, to a less extent by different subsequent exposure to alien influences of the East.

Oriental features in early Ionian art are certain and not hard to discern. The Oriental influences, so-called, exerted on the art of mainland Greece, have been argued in the main from different features, and are much less well assured. The whole question of "orientalizing" archaic Greek art needs revision in the new light of Ægean evidence. Mutual relations between the Minoan society and the Nile Valley, which were remarkably intimate under the Eighteenth Dynasty, can be traced back to the Old Empire. Relations with western Asia appear to have been of almost equally long standing and cultural potency, and are only less well understood because the west Asian area itself is less well explored. But we are learning more of them every year; and so strong has the reaction against the crediting of all light to the East become, that several leading authorities have independently supported M. Salomon Reinach in his well-known contention that that light is largely a *mirage orientale*, and that the Mediterranean area taught culture to Asia rather than *vice-versâ*. Mr. Arthur Evans has hinted strongly, and will state even more explicitly when he

publishes his *Scripta Minoa*, his belief that the Semitic alphabets are to be traced ultimately to a Cretan original; and he and others have made out a strong case for the derivation of much of the early art of Philitia and Phœnicia from the Ægean. Archæologists are even beginning to suspect that Ægean influence and models penetrated to Mesopotamia, to inspire both the Assyrian and the Chaldean art of the opening of the first millennium B. C. Certain of the ivories, found by Layard in the Palace of Sennacherib at Nimrud, are in a style more akin to the Mycenæan than to any other, and the glyptic art of later Babylonia seems to repeat motives and manners exemplified at an antecedent period in the Ægean area. So likewise in the widespread Hittite culture of north Syria and Asia Minor we are noticing more and more Ægean affinities—in the structural plans of the palatial buildings, in the ceramic types, in the fashion of armament (e. g., the "figure of eight" shield), and in the general spirit and certain particular details of sculptured monuments, such as the Kara Bel and Ivriz reliefs. Instead of regarding Cyprus as the first westward stage on the road of Phœnician evangelists, we now see that it was the last eastward stage in the Ægean evangelization of Phœnicia; and some one will have to re-write that volume of Professor Perrot's *History of Art in Antiquity*, wherein the products of an island non-Phœnician in its language, its script, and its religious nomenclature, and never demonstrably colonized by Semites till the classical age (and then but in one small district), are quoted as the chief documents for Phœnician art.

This reconsideration in the light of the Ægean evidence will make us pause before accepting Eastern sources as directly responsible for all, or nearly all, of what have been called the "ori-

entalizing" features of archaic Greek art, such, for example as the winged and other monstrous forms on early Corinthian and Peloponnesian vases, the arrangement of the decoration in zones, the use made of the lion and other sub-tropic beasts, the composite demoniac forms, the architectural volute and pediment; for all these features were known to, and handled by, the prior Ægean world, and some of them, *e. g.*, the zone arrangement of decoration, are found in mid-European art of the Bronze Age. No reconsideration, however, can entirely discredit the evidence for a fresh and direct impact of the East on archaic Hellas in the early Iron Age—an impact which could never have taken place, and obviously did not take place, during the prevalence of Minoan sea power. For two arguments of ancient repute are irrefutable. The first is drawn from Homer; the second from the Greek alphabetic system. At the epoch which the epics reflect, the Sidonians beyond question were visiting continually the coasts of Greece and bringing to Greek marts fine objects of their own or of others' workmanship. It is rather on the coasts of European than Asiatic Greece that we can warrant their visits, and all archæological evidence goes to suggest that the Sidonian wares were imitative in style and fabric. But these reservations do not alter the fact that works of Eastern character were being newly brought by Easterns to the area of the Hellenic-Ægean culture at a period which the poems themselves prove to have been the opening of the Age of Iron. As for the other argument, there are many reasonable doubts now current touching the source from which the Phœnicians derived their characters, and touching their responsibility for the actual letter-forms, for the alphabetic order, and for the alphabetic numeration used in historic Greece; but the names given by

the Greeks to their letters leave no question that Semitic traders had exerted some direct and predominant influence on commercial intercourse in the Ægean when the historic Greek alphabet was taking shape, whether through selection from a group of characters long used in the Ægean area, or through the wholesale adoption of a ready-made series selected long ago by some other race.

Therefore far be it from any sane scholar to rule the Phœnician out of the story of Hellenic origins. But we must reduce his part to a more modest performance than used to be credited to him. He should be regarded as a carrier only, an intermediary who had no independent art or culture of his own, but transmitted the art and culture of others greater than himself, partly through derived and often garbled expressions of his own fashioning (which nevertheless were not without effect on the recipient cultures), partly through original products of parent cultures, Mesopotamian, Syrian, or Egyptian. And, moreover, he should not be regarded as necessarily the only carrier of these Eastern influences. More and more recognition is being accorded now to an alternative route of Oriental trade, that which came overland through Asia Minor. The literary argument in its favor has always been very strong. The significance of the statement made by Herodotus in the fifth century B.C., that his fellow Asiatic Greeks believed Lydia to have taught them both the art of retail trade and the use of a coined medium of exchange, as well as the practice of luxury, cannot be too much insisted upon. The inference is irresistible that the commerce from the inner peninsula must have loomed larger in the tradition of Ionian beginnings than any other.

Here comes in the third of those civilizations which have been dis-



tered in these latter days to trouble our comfortable ignorance. Recent discovery has tended to enhance greatly our ideas of the civilization of the prehistoric age in inner Asia Minor. Not only have the Hittite monuments lately found by Sir W. M. Ramsay and Miss Gertrude Bell in southern Phrygia, and by the Cornell expedition and Mr. Attmore Robinson in southern and central Cappadocia, shown us that Syro-Cappadocian influence was paramount over the whole Anatolian plateau at some period, but the excavations conducted at Boghaz Keui in North Cappadocia by Drs. H. Winckler and O. Puchstein, for the Berlin Oriental Society, have raised the centre of that civilization to some sort of equality with contemporary Babylon. Dr. Winckler was so fortunate as to light at the outset of his work in 1906 on a repository of clay archives in cuneiform script, partly in the Babylonian language, partly in an unknown and presumably local tongue. These testify to a line of at least four great Kings, contemporary with Pharaohs from Amenhotep III. to Rameses II., of whom the last, Khat-tusil (the Khetasar of Rameses' famous treaty, whereof a sort of *précis* in cuneiform was actually found among the Boghaz Keui archives), was a close ally of Katashmanturgu of Babylon, and so powerful after the latter's death as to feel competent to advise the Regent upon the succession, and warn him against the possible rise of a rival northern Kingdom, destined to be that of Nineveh. This Syro-Cappadocian power, which has left us cities, mounds, and monuments extending from Melitene to near Smyrna, which had a script and art of its own, is a fact of first-rate importance in the history of prehistoric Asia. Its wide domain lies right across all roads from the inner Continent and its monuments show that it distrib-

uted Mesopotamian influences over all Asia Minor to within sight of the Aegean Sea. It has become certain that it was the original overlord and largely the parent of two secondary powers which successively predominated in the peninsula after the Cappadocian Monarchy had been shattered by the hostility of Assyria, those, namely, of Phrygia and Lydia, which served to hide the older power from the eyes of the Greeks. Of the first we can gather something not only from the Ionian tradition of the dynasty of Gordius and Midas with their fabulous wealth and strong fenced cities, but also from the magnificent group of monuments which have been left to our own day at the point where roads diverged to the Western sea by way of the Sangarius and the Hermus valleys. Phrygia had an alphabetic system, whether derived from or the parent of the Greek we cannot say, with which many of these monuments are inscribed; and certain of its inscriptions have come to light far from its centre and across the Halys, at the Hittite site of Eyuk in North Cappadocia, and beyond the Axylon desert at Tyana in South Cappadocia. We may no longer think of the Phrygian power as confined at all times to historic Phrygia. It evidently succeeded Cappadocia as a Continental power, and we need not discredit some of those Greek legends which seem to reflect its dominance in the western regions which were later to be Æolic and Ionian Greece. One of the things most devoutly to be desired is that some one should excavate the Rock Monument region of Phrygia. Whoso will undertake that work should throw as much light on Greek origins as will the future excavator of another derelict site of the first importance, Lydian Sardes. For we know even less of the Lydian area than of the Phrygian, and yet it is certain that its culture went for even more

in the making of Greek civilization. At the Ægean end of this overland route it has been observed lately that influences of inland Asia affected the earliest Greek products almost to the complete exclusion of any other alien influences. In that rich hoard of early Ionian objects which was dredged up in 1904-5 out of the slimy bottom stratum of the Artemisium site at Ephesus, primary and secondary Mesopotamian influences stand to Egyptian in the proportion of at least ten to one. Indeed, there is no evidence of Nilotic influence at all except of a very derivative sort, such as may well have been transmitted through Ionian craftsmen resident in the Delta. The net result of the exploration of the most important religious site in Greek Asia—the first Ionian site to be probed to the bottom and to give abundant spoil—may be summarized thus. The original basis of Ionian civilization was of sub-Ægean type, although the Ægean Powers of the Islands and the Greek mainland seem not to have effected a footing themselves on the West Anatolian coast, probably because the Syro-Cappadocian Empire in the day of its strength acted as a deterrent. An old society akin to the Ægean, perhaps that known to later Ionians as Lelegian, subsisted in an unproductive state, till reinforced by a migration from the West, in which a predominant element of old Ægean stock was fused with a less numerous mid-European element; and the resultant triple blend, inspired by Continental influences transmitted overland through the Syro-Cappadocian, Phrygian, and Lydian areas, developed that rapid and amazing Ionian bloom which has been called *le printemps de la Grèce*. But there is little or no trace of the Phœnician in it all. The Semites may have played a subsequent part in carrying Ionian products and secondary Oriental influences across to European Greece; but

the Ionians themselves were sailors and merchants good enough to have done so much without their help. Even in the Homeric Epics, it should never be forgotten, there is more mention of Greek seafaring than of Sidonian.

At the same time, it is not impossible that by sea even those Mesopotamian influences may have been carried to Ionia, as to European Greece, by Semites of the Syrian coast; although in that case, the lack of evidence of Egyptian influence is hard to explain. From the progress of discovery in inland North Syria we are learning that Mesopotamian civilization can have reached the Syrian coasts long before actual contact took place between Phœnicia and either Babylon or Assyria. For here, as in central Asia Minor, there was an intermediate Hittite culture, long established and locally far more universal and potent than we used to believe, which even more than the Syro-Cappadocian (with which it may or may not have been identified racially and politically) seems to have been permeated by Mesopotamian influence. The citadels and cities of this early power, among which Carchemish seems to have been the chief, though far from the only, centre, stud Northern Syria with a sporadic eruption of mounds, and extend even east of the Euphrates; and from these the peasants dig out countless small objects, cylinders, seals, and beads, many being of types which used to be set down at sight as Phœnician, mainly because they were usually happened upon in the coastal markets. If so-called Phœnician products have had to be reconsidered once already in the light of our better knowledge of Cyprus, they will soon have to be reconsidered again in the light of better knowledge of Hittite Syria, the most promising of the Near Eastern fields, still practically virgin.

D. G. Hogarth.

# THE BOX OFFICE.

BY HIS HONOR JUDGE PARRY

Ah! let not censure term our fate our  
choice,  
The stage but echoes back the public  
voice;  
The drama's laws, the drama's patrons  
give,  
For we that live to please must please  
to live.

Samuel Johnson.

I have a vague notion that I wrote this paper on the Box Office in some former existence in the eighteenth century, and that it was entitled "The Box Office in relation to the Drama of Human Life," and that it was printed in the Temple of the Muses which was, if I remember, in Finsbury Square.

But it is quite worth writing again with a snappy, up-to-date modern title, and in a snappier, more up-to-date and modern spirit, for as I discovered, to my surprise, in talking the other day to a meeting of serious playgoers, the Box Office idea is as little understood to-day as ever it was. All great first principles want re-stating every now and then, and the Box Office principle is one of them, for, like many of the great natural forces which govern human action, it seems to be entirely unappreciated and misunderstood.

Speaking of the actor and his profession, I pointed out that the only real test of merit in an actor was the judgment of the Box Office, and that therefore an actor is bound to play to a Box Office and succeed with a Box Office if he wants to continue to be an actor.

The suggestion was received with contempt and derision. No artist, I was told, no man of any character would deign to think of so low a thing as the Box Office. All the great men of the world were men who had had a

contempt for the Box Office, and the Box Office is, and must in its nature be, a lowering and degrading influence. This opinion seemed so widely held that I decided to hold an inquest upon my original suggestion, and the result of this. I need hardly say, was not only to confirm me in the view that I was entirely right, but to convince me that my neighbors were sunk in the slough of a dangerous heresy, in which it was my duty to preach at them whilst they slowly disappeared in the ooze of their unpardonable error.

There is something essentially English in the very name of the institution—the Box Office. About the only thing an average Box Office cannot sell is boxes. When it begins to sell boxes the happy proprietor knows that, in American phrase, he has "got right there." But every sane manager, every sane actor, and all sane individuals who minister to the amusement of the people, close their ears to the wrangling of the critics and listen attentively to the voice of the Box Office. The Box Office is the barometer of public opinion, the machine that records the *vox populi*, which is far nearer the *vox Dei* than the voice of the expert witness.

Before discoursing of the Box Office in its widest sense, let us return for a moment to the case of the actor. Here the Box Office must, in the nature of things, decide his fate. It is the polling booth of the playgoer, and it is the playgoer and not the critic who decides whether an actor is great or otherwise. Why do we call Garrick a great actor? Because the Box Office of his time acclaimed him one. Davies tells us how his first performance of Richard III. was received with loud and reiterated applause. How his "look

and actions when he pronounced the words,

Off with his head: so much for Buckingham,

were so significant and important from his visible enjoyment of the incident, that several loud shouts of approbation proclaimed the triumph of the actor and satisfaction of the audience." A modern purist would have walked out of the playhouse when his ear was insulted by Cibber's tag; but from a theatre point of view it is a good tag, and I have always thought it a pity that Shakespeare forgot to set it down himself, and left to Cibber the burden of finishing the line. The tag is certainly deserving of this recognition that it was the line with which Garrick first captured the Box Office, and it is interesting that the best Richard III. of my generation, Barry Sullivan, always used Cibber's version, for the joy, as I take it, of bringing down the house with "so much for Buckingham." Shakespeare was so fond of improving other folk's work himself and was such a keen business man, that he would certainly have adopted as his own any line capable of such good Box Office results.

Throughout Garrick's career he was not without critics, and envious ones at that; but no one to-day doubts that the verdict of the Box Office was a right one, and it is an article of universal belief that Garrick was a great actor. Of course one does not contend that the sudden assault and capture of the Box Office by a young actor in one part is conclusive evidence of merit. As the envious Quin said: "Garrick is a new religion; Whitfield was followed for a time, but they would all come to church again." Cibber, too, shook his head at the young gentlemen, but was overcome by that dear old lady Mrs. Bracegirdle, who had left the stage thirty years before Garrick arrived. "Come, come, Cibber," she said, "tell me if

there is not something like envy in your character of this young gentleman. *The actor who pleases everybody must be a man of merit.*" The old man felt the force of this sensible rebuke; he took a pinch of snuff and frankly replied, "Why faith, Bracey, I believe you are right, the young fellow is clever."

In these anecdotes you have the critic mind annoyed by the Box Office success of the actor, and the same simple woman of the world laying down the maxim "*the actor who pleases everybody must be a man of merit.*" And when one considers it, must it not necessarily be so? An actor can only appeal to one generation of human beings, and if they do not applaud him and support him, can it be reasonably said he is a great actor? If he plays continually to empty benches, and if he never makes a Box Office success, is it not absurd to say that as an actor he is of any account at all?

So far in the proceedings of my inquest it seemed to me clear that in setting down the Box Office as the only sound test of merit in an actor, my position was indisputable. Of course there were, and are, Box Offices and Box Offices. Cibber, Quin, Macklin, and Garrick appealed to different audiences from Foote. An actor to-day has a hundred different Box Offices to appeal to, but the point and the only point is, does he succeed with the Box Office he attacks? Moreover, the more Box Offices he succeeds with, and the wider the public he can amuse, the better actor he is. - Garrick knew this when, in the spirit of a great artist, he said: "If you won't come to Lear and Hamlet I must give you Harlequin," and did it with splendid success.

How was it, then, when the thing seemed so clear to my mind, there should be so many to dispute this Box Office test? The more one studied the attitude of these unbelievers, the more

certain it seemed that their unbelief arose in a great measure as Cibber's and Quin's had arisen, namely from a certain spirit of natural envy. It is obvious that not every one of us can achieve a great Box Office success, and that many men who live laborious lives, without much prosperity of any kind, not unnaturally dislike the success that an actor appears to attain so easily. But the suggestion that Box Office success is or can be largely attained by unworthy means is, it seems to me, a curious delusion of the envious, insulting to the generation of which we are individuals, inasmuch as it suggests that we are easily deceived and deluded, and exhibiting unpleasantly that modern pessimism that spells—or should we more accurately say smells—degeneration. Garrick's career is an eloquent example of the fact that a real Box Office success can only be attained by great attributes used with consummate power, and that pettiness and meanness, chicanery and bombast are not the methods approved of by the patrons of the Box Office.

Of course it will be said by the envious "This man is a great success to-day, wait and see what the next generation think of him." But why should a man act or paint or write for any other generation but his own? Common sense suggests that many men can successfully entertain their own generation, but that only the work of the rare occasional genius will survive in the future. Luckily for all artists of to-day, this is and always was a law of Nature, equally fortunate for artists of the future, that nothing that is being done to-day is in the least likely to interfere with the workings of that law in days to come.

There is undoubtedly a tendency—and probably there always has been a tendency—to infer that because a man is rich therefore he is lucky, and that a man who is successful is very likely

a dishonest man; indeed, it seems a common belief that to gain the verdict of the Box Office it is necessary to do that which is unworthy. This idea being so widely spread, it appears interesting to study the Box Office in relation to other scenes in the human drama. What part does it play, for instance, in politics, in literature, or in art?

Of course a writer or painter is in a somewhat different position from an actor. He can, if he wishes, appeal to a much smaller circle, or, in an extreme case, he can refuse to appeal at all to the generation in which he lives and make his appeal to posterity. The statesman, however, is perhaps nearer akin to the actor. Let us consider how statesmen and politicians have regarded the Box Office, and whether it can fairly be said to have exercised a bad influence on their actions.

And as Garrick is one of the high sounding names in the world of the theatre, so Gladstone may not unfairly be taken as a type of English politician, and it is curious that the whole evolution of his mind is chiefly interesting in its gradual discovery of the fact that the Box Office is the sole test of a statesman's merit, that the *vox populi* is indeed the *vox Dei*, and that the superior person is of no account in politics as against the will of the nation. As in the theatre, so in politics, it is the people who pay to come in who have to be catered for. In 1838 Gladstone was as superior—"sniffy" is the modern phrase—about the Box Office as any latter-day journalist could wish. He complimented the Speaker on putting down discussions upon the presentation of petitions. The Speaker sagely said, "that those discussions greatly raised the influence of popular feeling on the deliberation of the House; and that by stopping them he thought a wall was erected—not as strong as might be wished." Young Mr. Glad-



stone concurred, and quoted with approval an exclamation of Roebuck's in the House: "We, sir, are, or ought to be, the *élite* of the people of England, for mind; we are at the head of the mind of the people of England."

It took over forty years for Gladstone to discover that his early views were a hopeless form of youthful conceit and that the only test of the merit of a policy was the Box Office test. But when he recognized that the *élite* of the people were not in the House of Commons, but were really in the pit and gallery of his audiences, he never wearied of putting forward and explaining Box Office principles with the enthusiasm, and perhaps the exaggeration, of a convert.

Take that eloquent appeal in Midlothian as an instance:

We cannot (he says) reckon on the wealth of the country, nor upon the rank of the country, nor upon the influence which rank and wealth usually bring. In the main these powers are against us, for wherever there is a close corporation, wherever there is a spirit of organized monopoly, wherever there is a narrow and sectional interest—apart from that of the country, and desiring to be set up above the interest of the public, there we have no friendship and no tolerance to expect. Above all these and behind all these, there is something greater than these; there is the nation itself. This great trial is now proceeding before the nation. The nation is a power hard to rouse, but when roused, harder and still more hopeless to resist.

Now here is the Box Office test with a vengeance. Not in its soundest form, perhaps, because the really ideal manager would have found a piece and a company that would draw stalls and dress circle as well as pit and gallery. For Bacon says: "If a man so temper his actions as in some of them he do content every faction, the music will be the fuller." But Gladstone at that

time had neither the piece nor the company, and, great artist as he was, his music did not in later years draw the stalls and dress circle; but having mastered the eternal Box Office principle, this did not disconcert him, for he knew that of the two the pit and gallery were sounder business for a manager who wanted to succeed in the provinces and was eager for a long run.

This recognition by Mr. Gladstone of the Box Office as supreme comes with especial interest when you consider that his education and instinct made it peculiarly difficult for him to appreciate the truth. Disraeli jumped at it more easily, as one might expect from a man of Hebrew descent, for that great race have always held the soundest views on questions of the Box Office. As a novelist, the novels he wrote were no doubt the best he was capable of, but whatever may be their merits or demerits, they were written with an eye to the Box Office and the Box Office responded. His first appearance upon the political stage was not a success. The pit and gallery howled at him. But this did not lead him to pretend that he despised his audience, and that they were a mob whose approval was unworthy of winning; on the contrary, he told them to their faces that "the time would come when they would be obliged to listen." A smaller man would have shrunk with ready excuse from conquering such a Box Office, but Disraeli knew that it was a condition precedent to greatness, and he intended to be great. He had no visionary ideas about the political game. As he said to a fellow-politician: "Look at it as you will it is a beastly career." Much the same may be said in moments of despondency of any career. The only thing that ultimately sweetens the labor necessary to success is the Box Office returns, not by any means solely because of their value in

money—though a man honest with himself does not despise money—but because every shilling paid into the Box Office is a straight testimonial from a fellow-citizen who believes in your work. Disraeli's Box Office returns were colossal and deservedly so—for he had worked hard for them.

When you come to think of it seriously, the Box Office principle in the drama of politics is the right for that drama's patrons to make its laws, a thing that this nation has contended for through the centuries. Indeed, there are only two possible methods of right choice open: either to listen to the voice of public opinion—the Box Office principle—or to leave affairs entirely to the arbitrament of chance. With sturdy English common sense we have embodied both these principles in an excellent but eccentric constitution. We allow public opinion to choose the members of the House of Commons, and leave the choice of members of the House of Lords entirely to chance. To an outside observer both methods seem to give equally satisfactory results.

In political matters we find that for all practical purposes the Box Office reigns supreme. No misguided political impresario to-day would plant some incompetent young actor into a star part because he was a member of his own family. We may be thankful that all parties openly recognize that any political play to be produced must please the pit and gallery, and that any statesman actor, to be a success, must play to their satisfaction. No one wants the stalls and dress circle of the political circus to be empty, but it would be absurd to let a small percentage of the audience exercise too great an influence on the productions of the management.

As in politics, so in business, for here no sane man will be heard to deny that the Box Office test is the only test of

merit. If the balance sheet is adverse, the business man may be a man of culture, brain power, intellect, sentiment and good manners, but as a business man he is not a success, and Nature kindly extinguishes him and automatically removes him from a field of energy for which he is unfitted. It is really unfortunate that one cannot have a moral, social, and literary Bankruptcy Court, where, applying the Box Office test, actors, authors, artists, and statesmen might file their petitions and be adjudged politically, or histrionically, or artistically bankrupt, as the case might be, and obtain a certificate of the Court, permitting them to open a fried-fish shop, to start a newspaper, or to enter upon some simpler occupation which, upon evidence given, it might appear they are really fitted for.

It is the vogue to-day for those claiming to possess the literary and artistic temperament to shrink with very theatrical emphasis from the Box Office. They point out how the Box Office of to-day overrules the Box Office of yesterday, forgetting that the Box Office of to-morrow may reinstate the judgment of the Inferior Court. Even if the Box Office is as uncertain as the law, it is also as powerful as the law. Of course a painter or writer has the advantage over the actor—if it be one—of appealing to a smaller Box Office to-day, in the hopes of attracting a large Box Office to-morrow. A man can write and paint to please a coming generation, but a man cannot act, or bring in Bills in Parliament, or bake or brew, or make candlesticks for anyone else than his fellow living men. Not that, for myself, I think there have ever been many writers or artists who wrote and painted for future generations. On the contrary, they wrote and painted largely to please themselves, but in so far as they cared for their wives and children, with an eye on the Box Office,

and in most cases it was only because their business arrangements were mismanaged that their own generations failed to pay to come in. These failures were the exception. The greatest men, such as Shakespeare and Dickens, were immediate Box Office successes—others were Box Office successes in their own day, but have not stood the test of time. Nevertheless, it is something to succeed at any Box Office, even if the success be only temporary. Every man cannot be a Prime Minister, but is that any reason why he should not aspire to a seat on the Parish Council? When one turns to the lives of authors and artists, one does not find that the wisest and best were men who despised the test of the Box Office.

Goldsmith had the good sense to "heartily wish to be rich," but he scarcely went the right way about it. One remembers Dr. Johnson sending him a guinea, and going across to his lodgings to find that his landlady had arrested him for debt and that he had changed the guinea for a bottle of Madeira. Dr. Johnson immediately makes across to the bookseller and sells the "Vicar of Wakefield" for sixty pounds. The Box Office test absolutely settled the merit of the book in its own generation and from then until now. One may regret that Goldsmith reaped so poor a reward and that is what so constantly happens, not that the Box Office test fails to be a true test at revealing merit, but that, owing to superior business capacity, a very inferior author will for a time reap a bigger reward than a better author. This is generally the result of bad business management, and the cases even of authors and artists who are not discovered in their own lifetime, and are discovered by future generations, are rarer than one would suppose. It is an amusing modern craze among the *cognoscenti* to assess the ability of a writer or an artist of to-day by the mere fact alone

that he has few admirers of his own generation.

If one were to investigate the lives of great writers and painters, one would find, I think, that the majority wrote and painted for money and recognition, and that the one reward they really wished for was a Box Office success.

Dickens, who is perhaps the healthiest genius in English literature, writing of a proposed new publication, says frankly:

I say nothing of the novelty of such a publication, nowadays, or its chance of success. Of course I think them great, very great; indeed almost beyond calculation, or I should not seek to bind myself to anything so extensive. The heads of the terms on which I should be prepared to go into the undertaking would be—that I be made a proprietor in the work, and a sharer in the profits. That when I bind myself to write a certain portion of every number, I am ensured for that writing in every number, a certain sum of money.

That is the wholesome way of approaching a piece of literary work from the Box Office point of view. But Dickens well understood the inward significance of Box Office success and why it is a thing good in itself. As he puts it in answering the letter of a reader in the backwoods of America:

To be numbered among the household gods of one's distant countrymen and associated with their homes and quite pleasures; to be told that in each nook and corner of the world's great mass there lives one well-wisher who holds communion with me in spirit is a worthy fame indeed, and one which I would not barter for a mine of wealth.

Dickens' Box Office returns brought him a similar message from hundreds and thousands of his fellow-men to that contained in the letter from the back-

woods of America, and though in the nature of things such messages can only come in any number through the Box Office, Dickens understood the meaning of a Box Office success and had too honest a heart to pretend that he despised it.

Thackeray was of course absolutely dogmatic on the Box Office principle. He rightly regarded the Box Office as the winnowing machine separating chaff from wheat. He refused to whimper over imaginary men of genius who failed to get a hearing from the world. One of the first duties of an author, in his view, was that of any other citizen—namely, to pay his way and earn his living. He puts his cold sensible views into the mouth of Warrington reproving Pen for some maudlin observation about the wrongs of genius at the hands of publishers.

What is it you want? (asks Warrington). Do you want a body of capitalists that shall be forced to purchase the works of all authors who may present themselves, manuscript in hand? Everybody who writes his epic, every driveller who can and can't spell and produces his novel or his tragedy—are they all to come and find a bag of sovereigns in exchange for their worthless reams of paper? Who is to settle what is good, bad, salable or otherwise? Will you give the buyer leave in fine to purchase or not? . . . I may have my own ideas of the value of my Pegasus, and think him the most wonderful of animals, but the dealer has a right to his opinion, too, and may want a lady's horse, or a cob for a heavy timid rider, or a sound hack for the road, and my beast won't suit him.

One cannot have the Box Office principle more correctly stated than it is in that passage. Nearly all the great writers seem to be of the same opinion and for the same reasons, and without being such a "whole-hogger" as Dr. Johnson, who roundly asserted that

"No man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money," it seems undoubted that the motives of money and recognition have produced the best work that has been done.

Nor do we find that the painter is in this matter less sensible than his artistic brethren. The late Sir John Millais expresses very accurately the sensible spirit in which all great artists attend to the varied voices of critics as against the unanimous voice of the Box Office.

I have now lost all hope of gaining just appreciation in the Press; but thank goodness "the proof of the pudding is in the eating." Nothing could have been more adverse than the criticism on "The Huguenot," yet the engraving is now selling more rapidly than any other of recent times. I have great faith in the mass of the public, although one hears now and then such grossly ignorant remarks.

The artist then gives instances of public criticism in other arts with which he disagrees; but the only matter that I am concerned with is that in his own art, and for himself, he has arrived at the Box Office conclusion that the proof of the pudding is in the eating.

I have searched through many biographies in hopes of finding the writer or artist who was wholly uninfluenced by the Box Office. If he existed, or was likely to exist, he would be found, one would think, in large numbers among those well-to-do folk who have ample means and could devote their lives to developing their genius and goodness solely for the good of mankind. It must seem curious to those who despise the Box Office to find how little good work is achieved by men and women who are under no necessity of appealing to that institution for support.

If I had been asked to name any writer of my own time who was abso-

lutely free from any truck with the Box Office, I should, before I had read his charming autobiography, have suggested Herbert Spencer. For indeed one would not expect to find a Box Office within the curtilage of a cathedral or a laboratory. Religion and science and their preachers have necessarily very little to do with the Box Office.

But Spencer was not only a great writer, but a keen scientific analyst of the facts of human life. He could not deceive himself—as so many of the literary folk do—about his aims and objects. Looking back on the youthful valleys of his life from the calm mountain slopes that a man may rest on at the age of seventy-three, he asks himself

What have been the motives prompting my career?—how much have they been egotistic, and how much altruistic? That they have been mixed there can be no doubt. And in this case, as in most cases, it is next to impossible to separate them mentally in such a way as to perceive the relations of amount among them. So deep down is the gratification which results from the consciousness of efficiency, and the further consciousness of the applause which recognized efficiency brings, that it is impossible for any one to exclude it. Certainly, in my own case, the desire for such recognition has not been absent.

He continues to point out that this desire for recognition was "not the primary motive of my first efforts, nor has it been the primary motive of my larger and later efforts," and concludes, "Still, as I have said, the desire of achievement, and the honor which achievement brings, have doubtless been large factors."

It is very interesting to note that a man like Herbert Spencer recognizes what a large part the Box Office played in his own work—work which was rather the work of a scientist than the work of a literary man.

In the modern education and in the Socialist doctrines that are preached, emulation, competition, and success are spoken of almost as though they were evils in themselves. People are to have without attaining. Children and men and women are taught to forget that "they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize." It is considered bad form to remember that there is a Box Office, that it is the world's medium for deciding human values; and that to gain prizes it is necessary to "so run that ye may obtain."

These old-world notions are worth repeating, for however we may wish they were otherwise, they remain with us and have to be faced. And on the whole they are good. Success at the Box Office is not only to be desired on account of the money it brings in, but because it means an appreciation and belief in one's work by one's fellow-men. In professions such as the actor's, the barrister's, the politician's, and to a great extent the dramatist's, and all those vocations where a man to succeed at all must succeed in his own lifetime, the Box Office is, for all practical purposes, the sole test of merit. The suggestion—a very common one to-day—that a man can only make a Box Office success by pandering to low tastes, or indulging in some form of dishonesty or chicanery, is a form of cant invented by the man who has failed to soothe his self-esteem and to account pleasantly to himself for his own failure. A study of the lives of great men will show that they all worked for the two main things, popular recognition and substantial reward, that are summed up in the modern phrase Box Office.

It may be that in some ideal state the incentive to work may be found in some other institution rather than the Box Office. It is the dream of a growing number of people that a time is nearly at hand when the Box Office re-



sults attained by the workers are to be taken away and shared among those high-souled unemployables who prefer talking to tolling and spinning. Such theories are nothing new, though just at the moment they may be uttered in louder tones than usual. St. Paul knew that they were troubling the Thessalonians when he reminded them "that if any would not work neither should he

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eat," and he added, "for we hear that there are some which walk among you disorderly, working not at all, but are busybodies." St. Paul makes the sensible suggestion "that with quietness they work and eat their own bread." To eat your own bread and not someone else's, you must work for it successfully and earn it. That really is the Box Office principle.

## WALDEN.

In the club at Taunggyi they were talking about the Chin expedition. A telegram had come in that a young pioneer officer named Walden had been killed in an attack on a village. The name recalled to the doctor and the D.S.P. a shy reserved young subaltern who had passed through Taunggyi on a shooting trip to the Salween, and had gained some notoriety by killing a dacoit.

"The only thing he bagged the whole time, save a brace of peahen," the policeman remarked.

Cocksure Smith, a major of parts, then on the road to Kentung, said he knew both Waldens very well. But the policeman, fumbling in an Army List, found that Walden the dacoit-slayer and Walden of the casualty list were the same man. Then a *chaprassi* came in with a newspaper sent in by the Commissioner.

"Latest details of the affair at Mwebingyui, in which Lieutenant Walden and Sepoy Prem Singh lost their lives. . . . &c." The doctor read it out.

"The fellow must have been off his head," said the D.S.P. when he had finished; "it was sheer suicide."

"Why, of course," said Smith; "Walden was flitted. I knew the girl. And now I come to think of it, he owed De Souza a lot of money."

At this point of the discussion I slipped out of the club.

I knew perfectly well why Walden threw his life away, but held my tongue. It was not a story one could tell in a room full of people, even if one were indifferent about it. The major certainly would not have understood. Yet the telegram had not surprised me in the least, and the details that followed seemed like an old tale. To understand them one must know Walden as I knew him, as no one else did. I do not think he had any other friend with whom he might be called intimate.

When we first met he was a very small boy at M—: he left in his second term. Afterwards I stayed with his mother in Kent, where he was working with a private tutor, and I spent a day or two with him in London before he sailed for Burma. Then on the way back from his shooting expedition he stayed with me in Taunggyi. I think he chose the Shan States for the trip because I was stationed there. All told, the days we spent together do not amount to more than a few months, yet when you have heard all I know of Walden you will see as clearly as I do that what happened at Mwebingyui was not only natural, but that it had to be.

Walden's schooldays were too short

to be formative. He left M— before he was twelve. The boy was really too callow at that age to stand by himself in a public school. His childhood had been unusually secluded. But the choice was thrust upon Walden's mother peremptorily.

A distant cousin had the gift of a foundation scholarship which fell vacant by an unexpected chance. Walden must be cast on the whirlpool then and there, perhaps with too little strength to float, or his mother must give up all thought of M—, and send the boy, when more matured, to one of the great cheap day schools, a place fruitful no doubt in Academic honors, but without any particular tone or prestige, and too modern for traditions. To Walden's mother such an education seemed altogether uninspiring. It was starting the boy with a handicap. So much depended on early associations. His father and grandfather had been at M—, and it had pained her to think that her son must be the first of the family to start equipped with the second-best. Then the chance came. The boy was delicate, timid, sensitive, and very young. But she must think of his career. It was difficult. She was still undecided when she took him to London on a tentative visit to his tailors. He was fitted for an Eton jacket. A sympathetic assistant suggested a top hat, and Walden's mother, remembering that "toppers" were worn at M— on Sundays, assented. But the smallest size enveloped her son completely and rested on two angular collar-bones. She laughed, but felt very near crying. No, she couldn't push him out into the whirlpool, not yet. Then she felt strangely happy; she would have his companionship for another three years at least. Then, like many good women, she began to analyze her happiness, and fancied she saw a flaw of selfishness in her decision. She was

thinking of herself before the boy. So the conflict in her began again; she was torn different ways. In the end she chose the Spartan part, and Walden was sent to M— at the age of eleven.

In the middle of his second term Walden caught a bad chill. On one of his lonely rambles before afternoon school he had waded through some flooded marsh-land to a trap he had set for a water-hen in a riverside osier-bed. It was a cold February afternoon, and an icy wind was blowing. Three days had passed since he had set the snare, and each day he had found his name on the compulsory football list. He lay awake at night after the other boys had gone to sleep, but he did not confide to any the hope which he already felt to be half-credulous, and which alternated with a dread lest the bird had been caught by the feet and was lingering in pain. He was shy of confidences. If he caught the bird he would let another discover and celebrate the triumph. Perhaps the head of his study would have it plucked and trussed for a Saturday night supper. Here lay the seeds of popularity. He went to sleep with his vision strained on a patch of brown reeds and dead thistle with a wedge of sand between where the trap lay. On Wednesday his name was not on the compulsory list. The river had risen and the fields were flooded, but he started towards the osier-bed, springing from one island of sedge to another. He was soon so wet that it was not worth while turning back. He found the trap had shut to,—there was no water-hen in it.

The matron of Walden's house was a stern lady. He dared not face her with his sodden clothes and ask for a change. He sat through afternoon school in them undetected. The whole adventure was typical of Walden. The

next day he was "staying out." In the evening he babbled of water-hens. His mother was sent for. Before the end of the term she took him away, a shadow of a boy affected in the lungs and needing constant care. His schooldays were over.

Very few M— men can remember anything of Walden. At first he came in for a good deal of bullying. When he found himself in a scrape, as every fag must frequently do in his first term, he had a way of stiffening himself, protesting his shell as it were. When an elder boy struck him and asked him for an explanation of anything, he became monosyllabic, or even speechless. Other boys naturally thought him mulish in this mood, and were inclined to kick him out of it. He was irritatingly passive and unresponsive to punishment. So he was punished more. If the truth were known this inelasticity was a protective measure, not against bullies, but against himself. He was really callous to most things, only he had a standard, an extraordinary one when one considers his youth. He would not lower his flag to any one, no matter who challenged it. Tears might come, but never entreaties or recriminations. He was appallingly afraid of making an ass of himself. Even during his short stay at M—, I think this came to be recognized, and he was respected for it.

An incident towards the end of his first term at M— gained Walden some immunity from rough treatment. One afternoon, when he was preparing for a lonely ramble, he heard a clatter in the passage and laughter half-stifled with running. Two fags, little older than himself, threw open the door and entered breathless. "Walden, you're playing in the house practice match, no rot, come and see." It was a fact,—his name was posted on the list on the bathroom-door. Several of the bigger

boys were kept in, and most of the smaller ones were running in the under-sixteen paper chase. To make up the twenty-two, the captain of the house could only have recourse to Walden. He read his name on the notice-board with a kind of helpless dread. In half an hour he must be on the field, and he felt he was going to be shamed and miserable. For it was part of Walden's self-consciousness not to understand that other people can make allowances. Most boys of his age would have been content to toil in the wake of the ball with some show of pursuit. But Walden felt that he must be an integral part of the game. It distressed him to think that he must fall whenever there was a call upon him. Besides, he was afraid. He stiffened himself for a period of pain and ridicule.

They were waiting for the whistle.

"Can you kick with your left foot?" the captain asked Walden.

"Yes, I think so."

"Then play half on the left, and don't funk."

For a few minutes the play was on the other wing. Then Ticehurst, the fastest forward in the school, got hold of the ball and came straight down Walden's wing. He did not look at the skinny little boy who came running towards him, but went straight on, thinking, no doubt, that the brat could take care of his own skin. But Walden ran clean into him, to all appearances as airily as if he were leaping through a hoop. They collided on the ball. Ticehurst tripped on the leather, fell over Walden, and spun a few feet beyond him. Walden scrambled up first, not much hurt, and passed the ball to one of his own forwards. Every soul on the field cheered him. Ichor ran in his veins; he was beatified; he sought immolation. All that game he went straight for the man: he was infernally in the way of the other side.

But there were no more collisions. The big boys paid him the respect of avoiding his charges, and when his head came in contact with the stomach of Tubby Barlow, who was gingerly trying to circumvent him, it was the big boy who was doubled up and suffered. Then five minutes before time the impossible happened. Walden kicked a goal. The ball, a new and light one, was dropping at the perfect angle. Walden centred it wildly. A muff goal-keeper ran out to meet it, but it dropped a few feet short of him and bounded over his head between the posts. Then the whistle blew. Walking home, Walden was bathed in an entirely new atmosphere of content. That day was like the birth of the sun in his school life. Twice during the next week Ticehurst greeted him with a kindly word of chaff. The house captain once called him "kiddle." Every one was kind to him until they had forgotten. And they did forget, though Walden was chosen to play regularly in the under-sixteens. But he was not a good player, not a bit agile or fast; only the persistence of his obstructiveness, awkward as it was, came to tell for his side. At the end of each game he would review his failures and expect to be left out of the next. So he gained little in self-confidence. His modesty explained the first red-letter day as a casual phenomenon. But he never forgot it. Even in the Chin Hills, I make no doubt, he thought of it a dozen times a day, and derived comfort from it.

Walden's illness put an end to his football and his schooldays too, and it marked a relapse in his development but for which his career might have been very different. For nervous self-concentration does not thrive at a public school. Either the boy is routed and taken away, or he becomes assimilated, yields to the communal instincts of the place, and finds himself wrapped

up in its traditions. To this end, which includes the maturing of unself-consciousness, every sane assertion of self, as Walden's in the house practice match, is a progressive step. That is the first function of a school like M—. And Walden was not of the stuff to be routed. There was quite enough in the boy, only he wanted experience to give direction to it.

Walden's mother did not understand this. After a prolonged interview with a specialist, her immediate and vital concern was to keep her son dry. To this end, certainly a natural and sensible one, she rented a house in the Weald of Kent, near the Sussex border, a beautiful deeply-wooded country of large distances, where thin strips of pasture and leafy hop-gardens stand out from the woodland like an occasional clearing in the forest. Here Walden spent six not unhappy years. The dreamy solitude of this period, passed between the woods and the library, influenced him deeply, but not in a way calculated to equip him for the profession to which he had been devoted. Walden was to be a soldier. That was early decided by his father, and his mother did not dare to tamper with the family destiny, or divert one name from the list of soldiers that distinguished it. There were moments of conflict, but again the Spartan choice prevailed. If the State considered her boy physically fit, then he must serve his country, as his father had wished. It was her business to see that he went up sound to the examiners.

The woods helped her. In his long solitary walks he gathered strength, but in a way he suffered from them. They filled his life so completely that he did not respond to other companionship. Three great belts of woodland, in any of which a stranger might lose himself and wander half the day without recrossing his tracks, stretched to

within easy distance of his mother's house. Walden knew every drive and alley of them. Under one upland beech he had read "Woodstock." On a bank of foxgloves, protected from the sun by the thin shade of larches, and regarded by pheasants, squirrels, and hesitating rabbits, he had devoured "Waverley" and "Anne of Gelestein." Sometimes he only came to dream. Stretched on his back in the limg, looking up at the blue sky through the leaves, he became wrapped up in the brooding silence, permeated with the atmosphere of the woods, aware of the conscious, hidden life around him that always seemed on the point of becoming articulate,—and he carried this silence and far-away concern back with him into the haunts of living people. His mother loved books, and gave a bent to his tastes. Her perfect sympathy saved her from bruising the boy's spirit and bringing him to earth with a shock. She would start with him into the woods and try to infect herself with a little of his absorption. Had he found a jay's nest yet? she would ask. Were the blue-bells at Angley in full color? His tutor, a brilliant young wrangler, the vicar of a neighboring parish, with a small charge of souls and something of a sportsman, thought it his duty to attack Walden sometimes with brusque exhortations.

"You should wake up, you know. Why don't you play cricket?" The words would strike Walden as a careless gust of wind sways a young pine. He bent momentarily to such disapproval and straightened himself in the recoil.

In the winter Walden used to read in the library in a deep arm-chair beside a log-fire. Before he was sixteen he had finished all the Waverley novels, read half the English poets and a number of engrossing books on campaigns. He took the classics in his

stride. Virgil and Catullus were his familiars, and he needed no goading in Greek. Mathematics he was spared beyond the point that sufficed for Sandhurst. In the woods he lived with his heroes of the fireside. So he dreamed away his boyhood, and came to lead a kind of dual existence. Daily he explored the woods, subtly aware of their beauty, and when the alchemy of the slanting sun set all the trunks of the pines ablaze, though he was conscious of moving in this transfiguration, his spirit would be ranging far away with Hereward and Nigel, Nicholson and Alan Breck. Then he would wake and measure himself with these heroes, aghast at the abyss between his conduct and his ideals. He was tortured by a morbid self-distrust, he felt his diffidence was nothing less than failure, he read into his timidity a name he dared not spell even in solitude. Once when he was dreaming of the clash of steel, he met a man carrying a scythe and felt his spirit wince. Again he was charging with Nicholson's men into the breach at Delhi, and remembered he was gunshy. When Philipson cowered among the crags of Gelestein, it was Walden who was shamed. Yet when swords were drawn and shots were fired in earnest, would he falter? He vowed he would not. Ah! if only he could stiffen himself as he had done at M——, and lead men to think him indifferent to peril, it would be almost as good as being brave.

In his sheltered home life, one would think, Walden had little chance of putting himself to the test. But he found a way. During one of my short stays in Kent an accident gave me a clue to his methods. I remember we were coming home one September evening from a long walk in the Heathfield direction, when Walden drew me aside from the main path down a sequestered drive. He put his hand on my



shoulder, made a mysterious gesture, and slipped on ahead, taking care not to tread on a fallen twig or on any rain-swollen straws which the pheasants had plucked from the sheaves. In this part of the wood, under the arched hazel cover, it was already growing dusk. Strange shadows lay across the path in front of us. Here a stump took the shape of a crouching man; a half-concealed birch-trunk gloomed a spectral white. Eerie noises in the undergrowth made us pause, and every now and then a pheasant rose at our feet with a whirl and rattle that proclaimed our intrusion. Others ran in front of us, an agitated procession, before making their escape. Then rabbits plunged into safety. The path began to wind, and I felt that any sudden curve of it might lead us into the arms of the terrible guardian of the woods. I was not a particularly nervous boy, but this hunted feeling, this evasion of a lurking presence which might be watching me unseen, gripped me with fear.

We had gone about a quarter of a mile down the drive and passed a score of coops when Walden touched my elbow. I looked ahead inquiringly, then at Walden.

"Don't you see," he said with a catch in his breath, "the pheasants are coming towards us; some one is disturbing them." As he spoke he slipped into the hazel cover and lay down flat in the grass. I followed his lead. Presently a keeper sauntered by, sprinkling grain in front of the coops, a few yards from our heads. He was an unconscionable time in passing. I could hear Walden's breathing and my own. When he had gone on we emerged and struck down the path in the direction he had come. I thought the pheasants we put up would bring him back. But Walden would not run, though he was panting with tense excitement. When

he had breath to speak coherently, he muttered—

"Dangerous time, this,—the keepers are generally feeding the pheasants."

"Then why on earth did you come this way?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know; it's not bad practice for scouting."

"But scouts should hunt in couples," I said; "you must feel rather jumpy when you are alone."

"I do," he said.

And this quiet admission set me thinking. Logically, of course, this skulking in the neighborhood of a hostile phantom would not bespeak any out-of-the-way courage in the ordinary full-blooded boy; but what, I wondered, was the hidden flame that seemed to impel this tissue of nerves and sensitiveness through the ordeal? Thinking it over on the way home, I began to understand Walden.

We parted the next day, and I did not see Walden again until we met in London the day before he sailed for Burma. You must imagine him now a rather tall, ascetic youth, very thin and angular, but with a kind of grace which disengaged itself from his shyness. His shyness did not make him awkward, and it was never so noticeable as his air of abstraction. This grew on him, and sometimes seemed to rout his self-consciousness altogether. I remember being astonished seeing him stand in a London club full of men he did not know, gazing abstractedly at the elms in the park, apparently unconscious of himself and everybody else. Looking up suddenly from my paper and seeing him standing there, quiet as a stone, I felt myself transported to the woods. He seemed to carry the atmosphere about with him.

I next saw Walden in the Shan States. It was a perfect cold-weather morning when I rode out to meet him, and I felt some vicarious pride in the

flushing of his sword. The *boh's* head had already arrived in Taunggyi for identification. We sighted each other far off, on a wide open plateau, margined with wooded hills, from whose boulder-strewn peaks stood out the jagged and ruined spires of Buddhist shrines. The plain was bowered with highland dells gay with the purple and cream flowers of the *Bauhinia*, and the blossoming wild pear and crab-apple. The sal-trees, I remember, on the dry hill-slopes wore an autumnal red and gold that lent a rich mellow tint to the distance.

We drew up beside a village, a mere cluster of half a dozen houses, a pagoda, and a few pipal-trees, which do duty for the village inn; and we turned into the shade of one of these, where my servants had lit a fire and were cooking rice and quail. Here, stretched out in the cool shade, beside a monstrous, grotesque image of stone, niched and moss-grown, with the accompaniment of sympathetic turtle-doves, Walden told me how he had killed the dacoit at Mongpaw.

He had been awakened, he told me, at two in the morning by a rifle-shot. He admitted, as if he imagined it a rare trait, that he was horribly afraid. And no wonder. That is an appalling hour to be projected from the dream state to a life-and-death encounter. It is a time when any healthy soul would crave for comradeship, a trusted hand to grip or voice to pierce the eerie and pregnant silence. Have you ever been awaked from sound slumber by the *réveil* when the camp is rushed, or on a ship in collision by the rush of feet and women's cries? Have you heard the suicide's revolver ring through the still house in the quiet hours of the morning? One must not judge men in these crises by a light-of-day standard. One wakes to the echo, and dimly remembers the shock as something in a past life. For a moment

the spirit is detached from the body, and ranges alone, shivering on the threshold over which it is to be instantly and mercilessly hurled. The body shudders at the separate existence. All the past that has been so warm and real is a dream, an illusion. Then there dawns a consciousness of that phenomenal thing, the individual, and a dreadful fear of its extinction, the pathetic reluctance of the soul in starting on that cold journey alone, the cruel homelessness of the infinite. All this is a second's revelation, a glimpse of the soul's plight that does not nerve one in summoning the physical resources. When the call is sudden, to be answered by a spring and a struggle, the comfortable animal instinct that is latent in us is our friend. But Walden had to lie still and wait the attack; he must not betray his whereabouts by a breath or motion. The darkness and stillness were intense. As Walden told me his story, I remembered our adventure in the Kentish Weald, when I could hear and see the efforts he made to control his breathing. And that was all make-believe; I wondered how he answered the strain of the real thing.

The shot that woke him was fired at his bearer and coolies, who were sleeping beside his pony under the piles that supported the rest-house. They made their escape into the jungle: his orderly would have stood by him, but Walden had sent him back on some errand to the last camp. So he was alone. The shock of the report frightened his pony, who broke from the tether and bolted through the undergrowth. The echo of his hoofs was followed by a long silence. The next thing Walden heard was men whispering, and what sounded like the disturbance of the *débris* of a fire: they were fanning up the embers. Walden was well armed. He drew his revolver from under his pillow: his rifle lay by

his side. That meant eleven shots. Then he groped along the wall for his shot-gun. He found it, and also his cartridge-belt. Fumbling in the dark, he felt for the lead and wax head of a ball-cartridge, and slipping it into the right barrel, he jammed shot of some kind, probably No. 8, good enough at close quarters, into the left. The click of the breech in the tense silence must have sounded like a rifle-shot; no doubt he thought the dacoits could hear his heart beat. He slipped away from the spot where he had been sleeping on his valise, and sat with his back to the wall covering the door, the revolver in his hand and the rifle and gun on each side of him. There was only one door in the bamboo shanty, approached by a ladder from without, and no windows. So he was well placed. If he kept still, his assailants would not know where to shoot. Presently he heard them coming up the ladder. There were three or four he judged by their smothered ejaculations. One of them swung an ember: it cost him his life. Walden fired three shots with his revolver. The leader fell to the first, and at the same moment another behind him fired blindly into the room, hitting the wall ten feet from Walden's head. They scrambled or fell down the ladder, and held another muffled parley underneath; one of them seemed to be wounded. Walden sat waiting, without a sound or stir, until it became light. But they slipped away into the darkness, leaving their *boh* on the field. Walden found him in the morning lying at the foot of the ladder.

The *boh* turned out to be a particularly elusive malefactor who was being hunted, through some false scent, at least a hundred miles away in another direction. The affair, with additions, found its way into the papers. Walden and his orderly were said to have attacked the *boh* in his lurking-place,

killed him, and dispersed his followers by the ruse of an imaginary force behind them. Anyhow, there was the *boh*, dead, with Walden's bullet through his head, and you would think a boy of twenty would be pleased at the distinction. But Walden chafed rather at the letters of congratulation and newspaper cuttings that reached him in camp.

"What could I do," he said, "but skulk in the dark and shoot? I couldn't miss the door at ten yards."

By the time he had finished his story I gathered he had gained nothing in confidence through the encounter: if anything, it aggravated his morbid self-distrust. He felt, I think, that he needed vindication more than ever. Perhaps he thought his sensations in the vigil at Mongpawu must be his normal state in action. He translated his lonely communion with death to the battlefield, where, if he had known it, men like himself taste a rare joy. For battle is like the cold stream into which the timid bather plunges hesitatingly, to receive an exquisite nerving thrill which transcends fear. Walden was for seeking the brink, though conscious only of the first numbing grip of the tide. A few hours in the firing line, one bayonet charge, might have laid the ghost which haunted him. But it was not to be.

At dinner that night Walden unfolded to me his project of following the Dihong river through the Mishmi country to the point reached by the intrepid native survey agent, Nain Singh, in his exploration of the Tsangpo river in Tibet. He had a wild idea that by travelling only at night, and lying *perdu* all day, he might get through in the teeth of hostility. He had also some impracticable notions about food. I tried to explode the whole idea carelessly; but it was no good, and we turned to other things: It was after midnight, when we had been

talking for hours about old times, that an impulse made me speak.

"Walden, old man," I said, "you are on the wrong tack. Give up this Mishmi idea. It is not fair on your mother." And I could not help adding, "You couldn't have been more game, you know, at Mongpaw. It isn't everybody who would have kept his head and done the right thing."

He looked at me perplexed, half incredulous that I had divined the secret of his broodings. I wanted to explain that this fear of being afraid was nothing but a morbid fancy, a malady of inexperience, a fatal kind of hallucination, and quite ungrounded. But it would not have been any use.

"Oh, I'll get through all right," he said; "it's not so difficult as you think."

And I have no doubt he would have tried if it had not been for the Chin expedition. When I saw he was with the force, you may imagine how eagerly I followed the campaign. I hoped Walden would win the V.C. There was a great chance that he might find himself and vindicate the latent soldier in him. He was certain to distinguish himself in some brilliant or mistaken way. You will understand that the telegram did not surprise me.

It was quite a small affair, and ought never to have happened. Walden was in command of a fatigue-party who were cutting a path to the water-supply, when they were attacked by a band of Yokwa Chins in thick bamboo jungle. The tribe had come over twenty miles that day, through an apparently impervious country, to offer their submission. All their neighbors had capitulated, and the rumor of burning villages and captive chiefs had spread fear to the most remote strongholds. So Shain Byik, the Yokwa chief, came hurrying in to prove that he also was "friendly" and submissive.

The mood might have been permanent had not his first vision of the invaders been Walden's fatigue-party, detected by the ring of their *kukris* against the hollow bamboo stems, and then cautiously observed through the enclosing thicket. Now Shain Byik was before all things a shikari, a raider, a head-hunter; the diplomatist in the man owed a transient and spurious ascendancy to events quite outside his control. Naturally, then, as he crept up to his unconscious quarry he recognized with a glow of pride that rare gift, so often denied by woodland spirits, the perfect relations between the hunter and the hunted. There may have been a moment of indecision, when the vanishing diplomatist would have diverted the rickety old Tower musket from the unhappy Sikh at the end of the barrel. But Shain Byik, being human in his fashion, fired, reluctantly perhaps, and Sepoy Prem Singh fell to the ground with an ounce or more of telegraph wire in his chest. Then the Yokwa men scrambled up the steep Khud into Mwebingyul.

Walden did the wrong thing. He ought to have gone back to camp, only half a mile distant, for a force sufficient to capture and burn the village. Instead he plunged into the jungle on the heels of Shain Byik, with his handful of men, most of whom he soon outdistanced. I can picture him, wildly elated, and flushed with his chance, pressing on to Mwebingyul and the hour of his vindication. He found it in the narrow entrance to the village, beneath the stockade, where two men cannot walk abreast.

When I turned into the club they were discussing Walden again.

"Now that dacoit business," Cocksure Smith was saying. "He tackled him alone in the dark in a *zayat*. The fellow must have had a nerve."

By general consent Walden was very much of a *boh*.

"What was it the *naik* said in the evidence?" some one asked. And the Doctor read again:—

"I followed Walden Sahib until he fell. We were only three, the Sahib, myself, and Gurdit Singh. I do not know how many there were behind the

Blackwood's Magazine.

stockade. The Sahib was a great Bahadur."

It was just the epitaph Walden would have asked for. And it was true enough. In his own pathetic way he was one of the bravest souls alive.

Edmund Candler.

### "MERRIE ENGLAND."

"England is a strong land and a sturdy," wrote one of Chaucer's predecessors, "and the plenteousest corner of the world, so rich a land that unneth it needeth help of any land, and every other land needeth help of England." It is a peep into the life of this "strong land and sturdy"—a land "full of mirth and of game and men oft times able to mirth and game" that Mr. Coulton provides in his latest fascinating volume, "Chaucer and his England" (Methuen & Co.). The dark side is exhibited with the bright; the author, indeed, reveals a certain impatience with those who picture the Middle Age as a kingdom of innocence and gold. If the poor were little worse off then, they were little better. In all ages, indeed, as Mr. Coulton justly remarks, the past no less than the present, they find their suffering "limited only by the bounds of that which flesh and blood can endure." Nor were saintliness and meekness more characteristic of our race yesterday than to-day. There are complaints, as indignant yesterday as to-day, of the arrogance, the greed, the truculence of the English people. "The English," wrote Froissart, after he had told the story of all their great victories, "will never love or honor their king, but if he be victorious and a lover of arms and war against his neighbors, and especially against such as are greater and richer than themselves." "They take delight and solace in battles and slaughter," he notes,

"covetous and envious are they above measure of other men's wealth." For the characteristic mettle and temper of this proud people did not reside (as in feudal notions abroad) in an aristocratic caste; it lay in the proud free vigor of the common people. How far to-day could we boast of the descendants of an English peasantry, as Froissart could boast of their ancestors, that "specially there is no people under the sun so perilous in the matter of its common folk as they are in England"? "England is best kept of all lands in the world; otherwise they could by no means live together." "Englishmen suffer indeed for a season but in the end they repay so cruelly that it may stand as a great warning; for no man may mock them; the lord who governs them rises and lays him down to rest in sore peril of his life."

It is a land of forests and villages and green gardens; where as yet is "no real divorce between town and country"; London alone, a huge aggregation of 40,000 persons, conspicuous for its wealth and population. Founded by Brut, the son of Æneas, who named it Troymount or New Troy, the city could boast two hundred years before Chaucer that it "traded with every nation under heaven." "Could the ships of Tharshish," asks Matthew of Westminster, "so extolled in Holy Scripture, be compared with thine?" Froissart found the men of London of more weight than all the rest of England, and "where



they are at accord and fully agreed" of such strength that "no men can gainsay them." "The only pests of London," said FitzStephen, "are the immoderate drinking and the frequency of fires." And this London is set in a secure and tranquil corner of a civilization, whose "only pests" are "immoderate drinking" and the "frequency of fires"—and too greedy and riotous pursuit of life's desirable things, and the uncontrollable judgments and scourges of earthquake, pestilence, and war. It is a child world always, with the fascinations and also the perplexities of a world organized upon a basis of accident and caprice. The Middle Age has been shown as "peopled with living creatures," says Mr. Coulton, "beasts of prey, indeed, in very many cases, but always bright and swift and attractive, as wild beasts are in comparison with the commonplace stock of our fields and farmyards—bright in themselves, and heightened in color by the artificial brilliancy which perspective gives to all that we see through the wrong end of a telescope." He deprecates such a picture. Englishmen of the fourteenth century are far more akin to Englishmen of the twentieth; with the same passions, with the same difficulties in a short and hazardous journey toward a similar goal. Yet there is the child element far more dominant, with the simplicity, the gaiety, and something of the solemnity of childhood. Excess of law exists, regulating daily life with meticulous detail, yet the prohibitions, like the prohibitions which satisfy the consciences of the Americans to-day—a similar nation of children—are always cheerfully violated. The common people, with unerring instinct, recognize the law as the enemy. "Then began they to show forth in deeds part of their inmost purpose," wrote Walsingham of the peasants' revolt, "and to behead in revenge all and every lawyer in the land, from

the half-fledged pleader to the aged justice. For they said that all such must first be slain before the land could enjoy true freedom."

Yet that law itself does not yet become the cold, iron, indifferent machinery of to-day: justice is not yet bewigged as well as blindfolded: caprice, common sense, kindness, and anger, as well as a certain ultimate perplexity before the ultimate ironies of fortune enter into all the efforts to adjust the relationships of human society. Mrs. Green has told a pleasant story of such difficulties a century later, in which an Aylesbury miller, finding that his mill needed repairs, sent his servants to dig clay on the highway, thereby making a deep pit in the road, into which fell a glover, journeying from Leighton Buzzard; and the pit, being filled with water by the winter rains, man and horse were both incontinently drowned. "The miller was charged with his death, but was acquitted on the ground that he had no malicious intent, and had only dug the pit to repair his mill, and because he really did not know of any other place to get the kind of clay he wanted save the high road." The human will pleased itself, uncontrolled by reference to general principles. Edward III. spares the citizens of Calais, because Philippa prays for them; the Black Prince, at the massacre of Limoges, remains indifferent to the cries of women and children for mercy, but is appeased by the spectacle of three French warriors fighting boldly for their lives. "Accident," says Jusserand, "plays a greater part in the fourteenth century than perhaps at any other epoch." Insecurity is normal: hardness and austerity is the lot of all: men see the sunrise but never the sunset: overcoats and fur robes are kept to wear indoors, instead of outside. The wars are conducted with a tedious brutality, amid promiscuous slaughter: diseases

born of uncleanness are rampant; in the midst comes the Black Death, like the sudden shutting of a door, closing the life of an age. Yet with all this there is irrepressible gaiety, breaking out everywhere into sport and song and dances, defying the regulations of the law and the menaces of the Church. Across this gulf of time, triumphant on the moans of the suffering and the poor, comes the laughter of "Merrie England." One sees them, as in Fitz-Stephen's "Description of London": "in the holidays all the summer the youths are exercised in leaping, dancing, shooting, wrestling, casting the stone, and practising their shields: the maidens trip with their timbrels, and dance as long as they can well see." When the great fen or moor is frozen in winter they play upon the ice. In the summer nights they dance with candles in their hands. They break down all regulations in restraint of their jolly, boisterous sports and pleasures, and the strength of their determination towards enjoyment is exhibited by the frequency of the attempts to limit and restrict their excesses. There are revels on Saint's days, revels at marriage feasts, revels at Christmas and Easter and May morning, revels even at executions and funerals. In 1370 at Christmastide a law is passed in London "that no one shall go in the streets of the city with vizzor or mask, under pain of imprisonment." Measures are threatened against taking off the hoods of people—a primitive form of "Mafficking," and against football in the streets. In 1446 the Bishop of Exeter complains against unlawful games, such as tennis, in the Cathedral cloister, "by the which all the walls of the said cloister have been de-fouled, and the glass windows all to-burst." Repeatedly the Church endeavored to clear the people from unholy games (such as football) in the churchyards. There are prohibitions against the "Feast of fools," against

the "Scot-ales," complaints of the secular jollity in the pilgrimages, the singing of "wanton songs," "and some other pilgrimes will have with them bagge pipes." Yet everywhere and always, in days of prosperity and decline, this common people were determined to make the most of what pleasures this little life could give. With the enduring background of uncertainty—in rejoicing perhaps heightened and deepened by this uncertainty—the men and women of this far-off time appear as those who accept life instead of rejecting it, filling with zest and rivalry and laughter the hours of a day long dead.

And of religion? Here, also, the divergence is superficial rather than fundamental, between to-day and yesterday. Then, as now, religion meant, for the few the effort after the aspiration of the Spirit; for the many the attempt to escape from the consequences of the sins of the flesh. The spiritual background to life was, indeed, more universally accepted; devils and angels walked visibly on the earth, seen of many; in the great storm of 1361 "the Devil in man's likeness spake to men going by the way"; a herald who watched the rioters march past in 1381 "saw several devils among them"; the good Queen "yielded up her ghost; which," says the chronicler, "as I firmly believe, the holy angels of paradise seized and carried with great joy to the glory of Heaven." Yet even here is a current of underlying scepticism. Walsingham traced the horrors of the peasants' revolt to "the sins of the great folk, whose faith in God was feigned; for some of them (it is said) believed that there was no God, no sacrament of the altar, no resurrection from the dead, but that as a beast dies, so also there is an end of man." "One merchant told me the other day," says Gower, "how, to his mind, that man would have wrought folly who, being able to get the delights of this life,

should pass them by; for after this life is over no man knoweth for truth which way or by what path we go." "A thousand times have I heard men tell that there is joy in Heaven and pain in hell," confesses Chaucer in the Prologue to the "Legend of Good Women." "But natheless yet wot I well also," he adds, "that there is none dwelling in this countree that either hath in Heaven or hell y-be." Yet this scepticism was exceptional; most men accepted the narrow path towards a certain goal; only the attractions of the fields outside proved overpowering and the path wearisome to the feet. Froissart describes his childhood, how they tried schooling on him, but he could not be at rest; he was beaten, he suffered, he repented, the next moment "when I saw my comrades pass down the street in front, I soon found an excuse to go and tumble with them again." The experience was unchanged through all the life of this child world; they sinned, they were scourged with plagues for their sin, they repented; a moment after they "found an excuse to go and tumble with them again." Old age was always adjuring them to keep innocence and do the thing which was right; youth was always accepting and always breaking the conditions of such conduct, always able to point to the time when old age had done likewise. "O youngē freshē folkēs, he or she,"

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cries Chaucer at the end of his days:—

In which that love upgroweth with  
your age:—

Repair ye home from worldly vanitie,  
And of your heart upcast ye the visage  
To that same God that after His image  
You made.

To which the "youngē freshē folkē" could reply with some truth that "worldly vanity" had appeared less vain to the poet before old age had frozen the blood and enforced the contemplation of approaching death. To the sterner moralists of the age the cup of man's iniquity appeared full, and God's patience exhausted: as man's iniquity has appeared full and God's patience exhausted to the sterner moralists of every age, from Pompell to twentieth century England. "It seemeth to many," cries a contemporary of Wycliffe, "that we are fallen into those unhappy times wherein the lights of heaven seem to be turned to darkness, and the stars of heaven are fallen from earth." "More and more dreary, barren, base, and ugly seem to me all the aspects of this poor diminishing quick world," echoes a voice from the later nineteenth century, "fallen openly anarchic, doomed to a death which one can only wish to be speedy." Amid which stern judgments and warnings the world thus condemned has kept manfully on its way, finding youth always a garland of roses, if age always a crown of thorns.

## VICTORIEN SARDOU.

The most successful, most fertile, and most ingenious of the makers of plays of the past fifty years has passed away, and at once we proclaim that his influence is over and had been declining for a long time. Tried by actual fact that assertion would be disproved by a list of the plays now being

represented in France, and we do not expect that the plays produced on the principles of Sardou are likely to diminish for a good many generations to come. The form will be modified and the accessories will be varied, but the method will persist, because it is the method that produces the kind of

play that has always given the greatest pleasure to the greatest number. It is too early for French enthusiasts to crow over the few victories of the natural drama, and it would be ridiculous for us in England who have had no victories to crow at all. In Paris MM. Brieux, Fabre, Hermant, and others aim at pleasing the *intellectuels*, and perhaps M. Bernstein will join them, but the average French playgoer asks for something very different.

The preference of the ordinary playgoer in England nearly as much as in France has been created by Sardou, though of course he did not originate his methods any more than his master Scribe originated the principles. In delicacy of means, lightness of touch, and in the humanity of his characters Scribe was superior to Sardou, who was apt to be hard and to expose the machinery. Master and pupil were on the same road all the same, and the road is an old one, perhaps the only road for the playmaker, which he leaves at his peril and to which they all return. It is built on traditions handed down by generations of actors, talked over on strollers' journeys, tried on successive audiences. Farquhar among the eighteenth-century men knew it best, Heywood and the Elizabethan realists had been there. Pursue the line and, through minstrels and *jongleurs*, past the waning Empire of Rome to the islands of Greece, it will lead in the end to the cart of Thespis. It is not so long a journey as the vertebrates can be seen to make in a museum-case.

The development of this popular, natural, and theatrical drama has been the work of the practical playwright who knew or learnt that the public believe that it is natural and right for plays to be theatrical. They go to the theatre for that, not for the nature they see at home every day. Sardou

was the perfect playwright, by temperament a man of the theatre and by practice the most skilful of craftsmen. Like all men of marked specialty his skill showed itself early, and the difference between the early and the highest period is not very great. *Les Pattes de Mouche* is not excelled in workmanship by any of the later pieces. It is probably the centre of the Sardou system, the model from which with the necessary adjustments *Divorçons*, *Nos Intimes*, *Mme. Sans-Gêne*, *Fédora*, and all the others were taken. Sardou was praised for versatility because he was successful with many kinds of subject. But the method was the same with them all. He had devised an ingenious machine which could deal with all stage material. It was as if an inventor had constructed a machine that would work on metal, stone, cloth, wood, leather, and almost any other material and reproduce it fashioned to design as per specification. It turned out the finely elaborated work of the three-men scene in *Diplomacy* as surely as the love-passages of *Theodora* and the horror of *La Tosca* placing candles at the side of the dead man.

This machine was Victorien Sardou and it worked nearly every day of his life, and the sustained work went for at least half of his success. Playwrights magnify their trade-mystery into the other mystery in spite of etymology, but for the attainment of ordinary skill no more is required than the industry which amateurs cannot give. Sardou had natural aptitude, love of the stage, and a rare capacity for work. A man of the theatre, like Beaumarchais and Lord Lytton, though he was never an actor he saw and he felt like an actor, and that goes a long way to making a playwright. He was not imaginative, his mind was of the patient, experimental, scientific cast which works its material over and over again from different points of view.

It is hard work restating a problem in mathematics until every way of treating it has been exhausted, and it is harder when the factors are more than symbols. The tragic poet and the human novelist cannot treat the beings they have brought to life as abstract symbols, and if they would these creations of theirs will not let them. Sardou's automata could be shifted like pieces on a chessboard. They could not tyrannize or compel and so he could bring them into any combination he liked; and he chose, by experiment not by intuition, always the most effectively theatrical series of combinations that the plot could produce. At his best he got his effects without tiring the spectator and without arousing his suspicion. He had the sophist's art of gaining ground, of establishing his argument by innocent assumptions which cumulatively gave the result he had in view all the time. The conduct of the plot in *Fédora* and *Diplomacy* is nearly faultless. *Dante* dragged perceptibly and in *L'Affaire des Poisons* it was proposed to murder a man who could hear every word that was spoken.

The lapses were wonderfully few and the skill in social panorama singularly effective so long as the picture was not exposed for examination. Either it passed quickly or the attention was diverted by dialogue which could not be neglected if the progress of the piece were to be followed. In a Sardou play a sentence, sometimes a word or a gesture, could not safely be missed. It was like reading a novel by a contemporary constructor, Gaboriau. He and Sardou might have changed places without much difference to the public if the Fates had so ordered. It is not a greater achievement to contrive good

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plot plays than to contrive good plot novels, and in this case the novels were nearer to human nature than the plays. Sardou's people seemed to know that they were *dramatis personæ* and acted accordingly. But compare for a moment, as we are on the matter of nature, the people of Sardou with the Normandy farm-people of Guy de Maupassant. Is there any more direct, impartial, and truthful depiction of life, any finer understanding of men and women than we get in Maupassant? Against his characters Sardou's people are reduced to phantasmal automata. All the same, was not Sardou right in his choice, in his rejection of life as a subject for the theatre? It seems as if he knew that the stage could not be true, that the finest technique in the world could not get an audience to accept human nature in a theatre as readers accept it in the novel. He who knew the utmost limit and capacity of the playwright's business must have seen that the conditions of the theatre, of society, forbid the full and simple presentation of life on the stage. He saw it tried, saw Ibsen rejected, Dumas and Augier forgotten. If any one could handle the instrument Sardou could, and he seems to have felt that there were certain important, vital, and profound things that it could not do. Sardou was an intelligent and practical man who could never have been got to see that the stage was doing its work when it was playing pieces in a half-empty theatre. His good sense told him that all forms of art have their limitations and he got out of the stage to the satisfaction of the audience more than any other modern author has permanently and successfully got out of it.

C. G. C.



## AMERICA AND HER EX-PRESIDENTS.

One of the charms of a simple society has always been the ease with which great public servants return to obscurity when their duties are ended. Cincinnatus at the plough has been extolled as the model of republican virtues, and an example for republican imitation. But, unfortunately, in a complex modern world Cincinnatus is not the best of models. We like to think that our great men are capable of this kind of noble eclipse, but we know very well that it is not practicable. A man who has held the reins of supreme power cannot sink into the herd, however earnestly he may desire it. The younger Pitt, when it seemed possible that he might go out of office, proposed to return to the Bar and attempt to practise. But if he had done this, he would not have occupied the position of an ordinary junior. The Bench and Bar would have been more than complaisant towards a man who had been Prime Minister, and might at any moment return to power,—a man who had such vast potential capacity for patronage. You cannot wholly dethrone those who have been once enthroned; a King in exile remains very different from the average citizen. This truism has led most countries to make provision for the retirement of their chief citizens by means of pensions. It is felt by most people that for a great public servant to be left to struggle among the crowd, handicapped in the race for success by the years he has given to the service of the State, is unworthy of the dignity of the nation. In America it is otherwise. The system inaugurated for a very simple society continues in the most complex of modern communities. The President, however high may have been his services, becomes at the end of his term an ordinary citizen, unre-

warded and undistinguished. Grant joined the Wall Street firm of stock-brokers; Cleveland became a consulting attorney to a business house; Harrison went back to practise at the Bar; Mr. Roosevelt is to become a member of the staff of the *Outlook*,—not editor, but editorial adviser and contributor. The *New York World* in an article on Monday very rightly protests against the system which makes such things necessary. The *World* is a Democratic paper, and has never supported Mr. Roosevelt. But it argues with much justice that the dignity of the office of President is lowered if its occupant is thrust into private life at the end of his term to earn his living as best he can. It urges that a retiring President should be given a seat in the Senate and a pension of at least £5,000 a year, and the reasons it adduces will carry conviction to every student of politics and every wellwisher of the American nation. In fact, the President should be treated as a soldier or sailor who has vacated an important post, but who is still fit for duty. He should be placed on half-pay.

We have no wish to suggest that journalism is not a most useful profession and the *Outlook* a most capable and high-minded paper. It has an honorable reputation for sobriety and good sense, and with Mr. Roosevelt on its staff should be a great force in American public life. But we cannot feel reconciled to the system under which a President is merged in the publicist. Our first objection is very general,—that the necessity to seek a means of livelihood may work very hardly in some cases. Mr. Roosevelt is a man of limitless versatility, and could have made his living in a dozen different spheres, from cow-punching to the management of a University.

But every ex-President may not be so happily situated. We can imagine a great First Citizen, a man with a real genius for politics, who would be hard put to it to earn a living. The younger Pitt, for example, would have done badly at the Bar, we are convinced, if he had had to rest on his merits as a pleader; and if Mr. Gladstone had had to make his way, say at the age of fifty, in a profession, we do not feel that his progress would have been very fast. The whole idea seems to us barbarous and uncivic. A man who is a true statesman by profession, who has dedicated his best years to the service of his country, should not be cast off when his term of service is accomplished. His future should be the care of the State.

In the second place—and this objection applies especially to the case of Mr. Roosevelt—an ex-President will find it difficult to become a private citizen, and may exercise an influence in a profession due, not to his present merits, but to his past dignities. We have already instanced the case of an ex-President pleading before a Court of Law. In journalism the danger is still greater. We would not for a moment suggest that Mr. Roosevelt will not make a brilliant journalist. His many books and his Messages to Congress show that he has a mastery over the written as well as the spoken word. But the main appeal of his articles will be that they are signed by an ex-President, and by one who even in his retirement remains by far the greatest figure in America. Mr. Taft is the inheritor of the Roosevelt tradition, but he cannot be its spokesman while we have Mr. Roosevelt writing weekly in the columns of the *Outlook*. The whole situation will be very delicate. One of the two political centres of

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gravity will be in the Press, and the Fourth Estate will acquire a dominant place in the political organism. The fact is that Mr. Roosevelt is too big a man to be a journalist or a lawyer, or indeed any sort of private person. His influence will be illegitimate, because it will not be based on his private capacity, but on his public antecedents. In politics Mr. Roosevelt is too masterful a figure to make the rôle of freelance either safe or profitable.

The final objection is that America in relegating her ex-Presidents to the ranks is losing a great asset. The President is the chief executive officer of the Republic: he is the true American Foreign Office: he is the head of the Army and the Navy. His experience, even during one term of office, is so wide and varied that he becomes a most valuable adviser on all public questions. In the case of one who has served two terms this experience is unique. Such a man has had a political training far more useful than any to be met with in Congress or in the Senate. He has acquired the habit of treating great affairs in a large spirit, and he is not to be befogged by any complexity of detail. He is a true expert in statesmanship, and as such should be kept always on call. It is surely the height of folly to drive such men out of politics altogether, or, if they retain their political interests, to force them into journalism for an outlet. Let the State retain their services by, as we have said, placing them on half-pay. Then they will always be available for arbitrations, home or foreign, Special Commissions, confidential inquiries, or any other delicate and responsible non-party work which the Executive may desire to entrust to a man of special authority and experience.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Buried treasure and a North American Indian are subjects of which one hardly thinks in conjunction, but Mr. Charles Major has given their association an air of probability in "Uncle Tom-Andy-Bill," and has added bears, not of the unspeakable variety, cuddled by mamma's darling boy, but real bears with good stout claws, and he has made twelve excellent stories of two boy pioneers. The narrator is one of those boys grown into a beautiful old age, and in Mr. F. Van E. Ivory's good illustrations, he and his circle of hearers dispute the reader's interest with the bears and the treasure. The Macmillan Co.

The "Chronicles of England, France and Spain" which that vivacious and entertaining historian, Sir John Froissart, wrote five and a half centuries ago, more or less, are published this year in a new and condensed version, in a volume of beguiling attractiveness, by E. P. Dutton & Co. Twelve quaint illustrations in color by Herbert Cole add to the beauty of the book. Readers to whom Sir John is hardly more than a name, if they happen upon this charming book, will find themselves drawn on from one dramatic chapter to another until they are more thrilled than by any latter-day historical romances.

E. P. Dutton & Co. are the American publishers of the new and sumptuous edition of the "Confessions of St. Augustine" which was the subject of the article, "Heart of Fire," reprinted in the last issue of *The Living Age* from *The Nation*. This edition follows the text of Dr. Pusey which, in turn, was based upon the translation made more than two hundred and fifty years ago by the Rev. W. Watts, D.D.,

but thoroughly revised. Many American readers will be delighted to own this beautiful edition of the ancient Christian classic, with its exquisite miniatures and illuminated borders and its attractive typography.

The fifth volume of *The Works of James Buchanan* (J. B. Lippincott Co.) covers the years 1841-1844, and is mostly filled with Mr. Buchanan's speeches upon pending measures in the Senate. There are also letters upon public questions written to friends or critics; and interspersed with the graver writings are bits of personal correspondence which give a more intimate view of Buchanan's personality, as for example notes to his niece, Miss Lane, in which he expresses satisfaction with her behavior at school and gives grave directions about trifling matters. Altogether this compilation serves to make more alive both the man and his times.

The sixth volume of the *Helen Grant* series shows the young heroine amusing herself with post graduate work, with such occasional interruptions as a visit to West Point or a little journey to New York, and serious talks with some of her former college companions. Places in many educational institutions are offered to her and the discussion of their faults and merits is valuable to any girl who intends to teach. The next volume, "*Helen Grant, Teacher*," will show how she herself has profited by it, and may also show what fate brings to her and to the remaining lover of those whose destiny seemed to lie in her hands in the earlier volumes. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

The usual bewildering variety of Christmas cards, tags and labels comes

this year from E. P. Dutton & Co. They are of every form and style, some sufficiently beautiful to make a suitable Christmas present by themselves, and others well adapted to enclosure with Christmas gifts and letters. Among the prettiest of them are half a dozen or more, conveying Christmas wishes and greetings in poems written by Mary C. Low. Well adapted also to Christmas uses are a number of beautifully decorated wall-cards, conveying sentiments of friendship or religion. Among the most attractive of these are "Sympathy," "Our Burden Bearer," "Pleasant Thoughts," "Prayer," "Slumber Song," "Jesus Loves Me," "Endeavor," "Character," "Action," "Lend a Hand," "Life," and "Life's Roses."

The heads of two panthers grin at one another across the cover of Miss Anne Warner's "The Panther," and the entire figure of the creature appears upon the cover of the book in an attitude to haunt one's slumbers, and within is an allegory printed on pages with a symbolic border in violet, and a very good allegory. To tell its actual subject is to forestall the reader's pleasure in discovering what is the real name of the pretty, kittenish thing that grows with every thought and glance bestowed upon it, and having pursued its frightened victim for days and nights, at last, long leagues away from home and love, tears out her heart, and leaves her dead. The impressive pictures by Mr. Paul K. M. Thomas are perfectly in harmony with the text and scarcely less impressive. Small, Maynard & Co.

"Animal Life," Mr. F. W. Gamble's small treatise on adaptations and innate causes of the various forms is a remarkable study of the magic of life. The author proceeds in the development of his subject by considering in turn, movement, the acquisition of

solid food, and the nervous control of response to changing order, the three chief agents by which the faculties of the animal are evolved, and thus gives his readers an ally for their observation and experience, and an aid in organizing their knowledge of animal life. The chapters on the senses, the colors of animals, and the welfare of the race are especially interesting, and the chapter entitled "The Life Histories of Insects," with its stories of bees, wasps, and ants, will be found especially useful by teachers trying to lead children to take a general view of their own knowledge and to perceive the relation of each fragment to the others and to the whole. Very good illustrations are provided for use not for ornament, but many of them are portraits of beautiful creatures. The Macmillan Co.

Miss Florence Converse has mingled much knowledge in her "The House of Prayer," the story of a child whose mother, going away for a visit, bade him to remember to say his prayers, much to his dismay as he felt himself unable to say them without her. The next day he discovered a tiny rock chapel in the wood guarded by an angel who was extremely kind to him; and for his further consolation his grandfather, who was writing a book about prayers, showed him some especially beautiful Litanies. Between these two instructors, he learns many interesting things about religious matters and their connection with every day affairs, and a friend of his grandfather's, an ambassador, instructs him in the ways of strange folk, and gradually he comes to understand some of the great Christian mysteries. The story, although exquisitely told, is hardly adapted for children as young as the small hero, but rather is it for those who are older. It is a beautiful little tale and its writing, its picture

of the heart of a little child, is the finest literary work that Miss Converse has accomplished. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Mr. Alexander MacDonald is a new favorite with American boys, but as he has the good British trick of writing in the English language fathers and mothers are sure to buy his books until he comes to be an old favorite, and the excellent quality of his stories promises him continued favor with the boys. In "The White Trail" his hero is a young engineer in Alaska in the hope of finding an opportunity to use a wonderful invention of his older brother, and befriended by two middle-aged Scottish travellers of great experience and courage. By the hero's ingenuity he, his friends and their party make their way through the Chilkoot Pass, and it is he who leads them back from Dawson City when compelled by scarcity of food to make the appalling journey in winter. The hero is not too young to be possible, for Mr. MacDonald himself celebrated his nineteenth birthday in Chilkoot Pass, and his wonderful dog, Dave, is drawn from life, and is the same splendid creature that Mr. London described in "The Call of the Wild." The grown ups have no better Alaskan story than Mr. MacDonald here gives to the boys. H. M. Caldwell Co.

Purchasers of Christmas books for children feel a tranquil assurance when they come upon the imprint of E. P. Dutton & Co. knowing that it stands for excellence of text and beauty of typography and illustration. This year, they will find it upon two different editions of that perennial classic, Charles Kingsley's "Water Babies," both rich quartos, one decorated with ten or twelve delicate illustrations in color by Margaret W. Tarrant, and the other illustrated with six color plates and

seventy half-tone illustrations by Arthur Dixon; upon "Our Own Story Book," a volume of verses and stories for little folks by various writers, fully illustrated; upon the "Old Farm Story Box" which contains four pretty books by Virginia Bennett; upon the "Little Mother Stories," a group of half a dozen or more bright little illustrated books about pets and toys; and upon "The Book of Donkeys," "The Motor Car Model Book" and a multitude of other gaily illustrated books for the very little folk. For older young people, the Duttons publish some attractive booklets, with colored illustrations presenting such old favorites as Gray's *Elegy*, Longfellow's *Building of the Ship* and *The Legend Beautiful* and Tennyson's *The May Queen*.

Mr. Clifton Johnson's "Highways and Byways of the Pacific Coast" is illustrated with a great number of photographs of the excellent quality taken in San Francisco, but they are surpassed in vividness by the text, which is far more graphic than anything which he has hitherto written. The natives seem to have resolved to show him the most interesting side of their lives, and if necessary to make it more interesting by cleverly added touches, and the reaction upon him is surprising. His chronicle begins with the Grand Canon of Arizona and the Mexican border and proceeds Northward to the Canadian border with a personal story for almost every page, and all transcribed without a touch of the conventional California dialect. Upon the whole there is no better book for readers indifferent to coast statistics, and not sympathizing very deeply with coast ideals; for Mr. Johnson cares nought for anything but material matters, and the honest native is not disposed to discourse of his soul or even of his mind to a passing stranger with a camera. In this and in many other



things he is so like a New England rustic that in many chapters the 'atmosphere is that of upper Vermont. The Macmillan Co.

During the last five of the ten years of Mr. Bliss Perry's occupancy of the Atlantic editorial chair he has opened the January number with a Toastmaster address, as he designates it, an article in which he freely discusses the magazine, its contributors, its contents, its subscribers, its contemners and its admirers. These papers are written with a breadth of criticism inclusive of many topics, and embody so much instruction in the editorial craft, and so many hints in regard to authorship that every editorial room should be defended by a small stack of them ranged beside its door with the insinuating motto, "Take one" for the swift subduing of Young-Author-Not-Afraid-of-Anything-except-Silence. These articles open his new volume "Park Street Papers," addresses for the centenaries of Longfellow and Hawthorne follow these papers, and then comes the essay, so easy to make laudatory, so difficult to write at all, published immediately after the death of Aldrich; and then, "Whittier for To-day," exhibiting the good Friend as the poet of peace. Last is placed an account of the work done for the Atlantic by Mr. F. H. Underwood, a story familiar to hundreds of Bostonians yet living, but strange to thousands of Atlantic readers. The ten papers make a rare little volume. Houghton, Mifflin Co.

"The Childhood of Men," of Professor Leo Frobenius, finds its subjects in all races and in all centuries, and its author has explained that he was led to write it by observing the specimens of many primitive races gathered in the Berlin Zoological Gardens where he passed much time during his youth. Watching these simple folk, he con-

vinced himself of the erroneous character of the descriptions of the savage in Cooper and similar writers, and in the works of travellers unable to conceive of racial life as resting on bases not familiar to them, and he set himself to collect the products of infantile crafts and industries. Many anthropologists have attempted the same work for a single tribe or group of tribes, or for one craft practised in many tribes, but no work hitherto published has been so wide in its scope, or has been interesting to so many classes of investigators. Objects for personal adornment; patterns of tattooing, objects inscribed with the sign language; signal drums; funeral observances; masks and secret societies, bows and other arms; fire stocks, and other things produced in the earliest ages; stone axes and iron money are a few of the objects in his collection, and 415 of them are pictured in the text. The work is necessary to all anthropologists and ethnologists. J. B. Lippincott Co.

In her "Pelleas and Ettarre," Miss Zona Gale portrayed an ideal pair of married lovers exquisite in tact and insight, sympathetic and well-bred and, telling stories of their relations with their friends, made pictures of which one could but say that with such colors they could not be otherwise than beautiful. One might almost fancy that she had been challenged to substitute the crude dyes of the woodland and the vegetable garden for the clear brilliancy of powdered crystal and glowing earth, and told that with such a palette she could paint only ugliness, for in her "Friendship Village" she describes one of those towns in which not only the acts and words, but the thoughts, the very soul of each dweller are matters for discussion in the market place, and by the hearth, a town to be made absurd and hateful

by almost any writer with a sense of humor or with any sensitiveness; and she shows that its apparent faults may be only the effect of loving, kindly interest, and the twenty tales of which it is the scene are as attractive as the dainty stories of her former book. To say that this is Christian art in literature is not too much; it is the lesson of St. Peter's net carried into every day life, and beside the result the work of authors always aware of their superiority to simple untaught goodness seems very poor stuff. The Macmillan Co.

That Mr. Walter Prichard Eaton is no longer the dramatic critic of the New York paper to which he contributed the criticisms contained in his "The American Stage of To-day" is sufficient evidence that his judgment as therein expressed is fearless and unbiassed, and worth reading for that quality, had it no other recommendation. But, as Mr. Eaton possesses a rich vocabulary and a gift for making happy phrases; as he distinguishes between the essentials of the various dramatic schools and insists that they shall not be blended in the making or in the production of any one play; as he heartily detests that form of vulgarization which calls itself "strong," and that other which prides itself on "giving human interest" to a classic theme; as he has a keen eye for the actual absurdity of much contemporary presentation of immense wickedness, both in literature and in the drama, he would be worth reading if he merely produced advertisements for "the management." Some of his papers criticize the stage and dramatists in general, but some one play is the subject of most of them, and from the whole book one derives an adequate conception of what is doing on the American stage of to-day. It is Mr. Eaton's good fortune to write at a moment when an

uncommonly large number of unbackneyed plays hold the New York stage, and to be able to shape popular opinion in regard to them. Small, Maynard & Co.

In his new novel, "The Diva's Ruby," Mr. Crawford continues and apparently concludes the life story begun in "Primadonna," and carried on by "Fair Margaret." As in its predecessors, the chief interest lies in the changes of partners brought about in extraordinary and unforeseen ways. The civilized persons in the story, Margaret Donne, the primadonna; Rufus Van Torp, millionaire; Logotheti, Greek financier; Lady Maud, daughter of an English Earl whose husband has recently been dispersed into space by a bomb, and Mrs. Rushmore the elderly American widow who matronizes Margaret are old acquaintances, but the moving spring of the tale is Baraka, a beautiful Tartar girl. For love of a stranger sojourning among her tribe, she shows him the way to their hidden ruby mine, and when, in spite of this incomparable gift of knowledge he departs with his booty, leaving her, as he thinks, to perish in solitude, she follows him, paying her way with rubies as soon as she comes to the homes of men, and caring for nothing except to find him and to persuade him to marry her. Meantime, the great rubies begin to make mischief as is the way of gems and jewels since the days of the Pharaohs, and there is robbery and disagreement and lovers' quarrels, and from the confusion two wedded pairs go forth in peace. Their names are not to be divulged here because all the interest of the story centres upon them, except that dwelling in the subtle changes in Margaret's character which cannot be said to improve. Perhaps there may be a sequel after all. The Macmillan Co.

Somewhere in his interesting and valuable "The Inner Life of the United States," His Highness Monsignor Count Vay de Vaya and Luskod remarks that he himself wonders at the number of notes which he made during his visits to the United States, and seems inclined to attribute his performance to the contagion of American "strenuousness"; and the bulk of his book is imposing. To Americans the work gives the desired gift of seeing themselves as others see them, and in this case the seer was alien by birth, by religion, and by sympathy, but accustomed to observe, to control and to guide, accustomed to feel the responsibility both of the pastor, and of the functionary who reports to a superior, and he wrote seriously and soberly. Making the voyage from Fiume as chaplain of the immigrants on the Pavonia, he came to examine into the condition of their compatriots already landed and settled; to criticise the merits of the various cities, and agricultural regions, as residences for immigrants, and the species of industry, and even the art and literature of the country as possible pursuits for them, that his report might give the Pope information on all possible questions. Work undertaken by such a man in such a spirit is worth a library of magazine papers and newspaper articles. It may be compared with the productions of Mr. Bryce and Prof. Munsterberg but hardly with any other book on the United States written by a foreigner. It should be remembered that it is this work that will for a time shape Magyar opinion of this country, and that it will profoundly influence the authorities of the Papal court. Reading it, the American may perfectly know their view of him. There he is judged even down to the "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant," which His Highness perfectly understands. That single piece of apprehension at

once places the work. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Only the other day some one was lamenting that space for great exploration no longer remained on the surface of the earth, but the would-be historian may yet find centuries of unoccupied space wherein to disport himself, and even huge bulks of new materials. Here is Mr. William Miller's "The Latins in the Levant," a history of Frankish Greece, 1204-1566. Forty years ago the book could not have been written, for even its dry bones were hidden in the archives of Venice, Naples, Palermo and Barcelona. Now that these are opened to scholars the plain story is clear enough, but Mr. Miller has desired to go further than the German historians, and to show the Franks in Greece as they really were, as men and women, rather than as mere bearers of titles and wearers of insignia, and to that end has visited the strongholds and castles bulid by the Franks, and has, as far as possible, reconstructed their daily living in his imagination. There was comparatively little difficulty in reconstructing the tale of their acts. The Frank at home was a very definite person; the Frank in Greece became active to the verge of incredibility, always regarding himself as driven by the subtle Greek and the heathen Ottoman, and now and then by the knights of one or another order. On these pleas, he released himself from any obligations to restraint. Scott's "Count Robert of Paris," in some respects an excellent portrait of the typical Frank of the Crusades, is far more subservient to the law and to knightly duty than the real Frank, and the sovereigns went much further than their great vassals. The women were not far behind the men; if they conceived themselves to have rights, they took them, breaking nobody's windows; if their mailed ri-

vals disagreed with them, the kirtle was no protector against the scaffold. The plan of the author is to group Achala, Athens, Epirus, Cephalonia, and Eubola, telling their story as one, and to give the duchy of the Archipelago and colony of Corfu separate narratives. Crete is omitted altogether for many good reasons. The book is a thick royal octavo, beautifully printed and illustrated by maps, and those who examine it may read the fiction and plays of the next five years in advance, for this book will be a quarry for the novelist and the dramatist. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Seldom are subject and author so appropriately matched as in the case of Mr. Ferris Greenslet's "The Life of Thomas Bailey Aldrich." The author, keenly critical both by nature and by long experience, properly appreciates and fully sympathizes with the critical fastidiousness by which Mr. Aldrich acquired and maintained his supremacy among the American poets and novelists of his generation, and he writes of that quality, and of the others that compacted lay in that delicate spirit in such a manner that as one reads one turns Hibernian in thinking how Mr. Aldrich would have enjoyed such work. Even the author's "Walter Pater" had not quite prepared one for its excellence, for it was not possible for a sane member of a sane race exactly to attune himself to Pater's habitual key, or indeed to the key of any member of that misguided choir of British genluses whose voices were drowned by the laughter evoked by Du Maurier. Further, Mr. Greenslet and Mr. Aldrich were not only countrymen but friends, and had worked together, and so the younger had obtained the final qualification of the ideal biographer. Nine chapters compose a volume, which once would have been a quarto, but is an octavo under

the present lawless dispensation in bookbinding. They are "Tom Bailey" in which "The Story of a Bad Boy" is rounded out to completeness in the matter of ancestry, and events preceding and immediately following the time passed with "Grandfather Nutter," and in the "Temple Grammar School." "The Hall Bedroom," and "Arrival" describe the interval spent in New York before he gravitated to Boston and James T. Fields, to be "Boston-plated," as he called himself; "Beacon Hill," "Ponkapog" and "The Atlantic Monthly" are the self-descriptive headings of the next three chapters. "Indian Summer Days" deals with the long period of recreation following his resignation of the Atlantic editorship, and is almost entirely composed of letters by many hands, including Aldrich's own. In "The Last Days," one finds nearly all the sorrow that came to him during his life, sorrow borne so quietly in spite of its evidently intense poignancy that speech concerning it seems brutal. Fortunately, the trial of long illness was spared him, but six weeks of feebleness and pain lay between him and the Mount Auburn grave beside his boy. They were borne with cheerful courage and sweet and patient self-effacement. The last chapter, "Aldrich's Poetry," is searching in its analysis of the poet's characteristic quality, and remarkably just as a whole. The frontispiece is a photogravure portrait and there are pictures of houses in which he lived, and portraits of "Grandfather Nutter"; of Sarah Abba Bailey Aldrich one of the "beautiful Miss Baileys" and of many of the poet's compeers. An excellent index and a bibliography which more plainly speaks the verdict of posterity than weeks of "best selling" complete the tale of minor good qualities in a book almost as beautiful of aspect as rare in quality. Houghton Mifflin Co.